Nova Scotia Historical Review

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Cover Illustration:
Unidentified family group, ca. 1881

Photograph courtesy of MacMechan Collection, Dalhousie University Archives.

To Our Readers

The *Nova Scotia Historical Review* publishes articles on every aspect and period of Nova Scotian history, and welcomes contributions from everyone interested in the subject. The *Review* has a special mandate to publish non-professional and/or first-time authors, whose work can benefit particularly from the rigorous but sympathetic literary editing provided by the *Review* to all its contributors.

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Editorial

Connoisseurs of Archibald MacMechan's famous anthology, *Sagas of the Sea*, may possibly recognize the "unidentified family group" which graces our cover as the alleged *dramatis personae* of the story "The Captain's Boat." The heroine of the loss by fire of the ship *Milton* in 1881, and of the remarkable 2600-mile journey through the Pacific of seven members of its crew, was the captain's wife, Kate MacArthur. Several months pregnant at the time, and accompanied by her sons, aged four and two, the younger of whom died before rescue came, Mrs. MacArthur survived nearly seven weeks in an open long-boat to give birth to a premature but healthy third son.

The subject of this theme issue of the *Review* is women: heroic or adventurous women, such as Mrs. MacArthur and the sea-captain, Bessie Hall; women whose lives were traumatized by war, such as the wives, mothers and daughters of Loyalist refugees; socially outcast women in nineteenth-century Halifax who were driven to take the lives of their own children; and career women of our time, such as the late Provincial Archivist Emeritus for Nova Scotia, Dr. Phyllis R. Blakeley, who rose to the top of a traditionally male-dominated profession. Though International Women's Year is now more than two years past, we hope that this issue will contribute, however belatedly, towards perpetuating the spirit of that celebration.

This issue of the *Review*, which has been made possible by a generous grant from the Nova Scotia Department of Tourism and Culture, is published a month late due to circumstances over which the editors had no control.

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Nova Scotia
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Bessie Hall, Master Mariner

Catherine H. Campbell

Elizabeth Pritchard Hall was born 7 April 1849 at Granville, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, daughter of Joseph and Priscilla (Cushing) Hall. Her father "followed the sea," and from early childhood Bessie yearned to accompany him on his voyages. It was often the custom for a wife, and sometimes for an entire family, to sail with the captain of a ship, which could be away for months before returning to home port. However, Mrs. Hall disliked the sea, so Bessie had to wait until she was seventeen before she was considered mature enough to join her father on the ship's deck. She was quick to learn, and pretty, with blue eyes and wavy auburn hair. Her father was amused and pleased at her interest in all things nautical, and taught her the use of the sextant, plotting a course, keeping the log, standing watch, the protocol of seamanship, which sails to hoist, and all the other necessary and complicated information pertaining to the sailing of a ship. By the age of twenty, she had had daily practice for three years under her father's tutelage and had become a competent mariner.

Late in 1869, captain and daughter boarded the 1444-ton square-rigged *Rothesay* at Liverpool, England, bound for New Orleans on a "round-trip charter." The westbound passage was uneventful and the cargo was safely delivered in January 1870. Then, ill fortune descended upon them, for the return shipment of cotton was held up by financial embarrassments of the shippers. For over two months the *Rothesay* lay idle in the ways and Captain Hall, being a part-owner of the vessel, fumed and bemoaned the financial losses engendered by the delays.

Consequently, when the cargo finally arrived, it was stowed in haste in the hold, and the ship hove anchor with a much-depleted crew consisting of the captain, Bessie, the first mate, a cook, a 72-year old Scottish carpenter, and a crew of six. The boatswain had recently married and refused to leave his bride, the second mate did not turn up, and the delay at high wages had forced the lay-off of many of the sailors.

On 24 March 1870, a pilot boat towed the *Rothesay* one hundred miles down the Mississippi, bound for Liverpool; the square-rigger had only a crew of eleven, instead of the twenty or more properly needed to handle so large a vessel. All sails were set and the ship pursued a course across the Gulf of Mexico. The fourth day out of port, the first mate fell ill. Captain Hall was suspicious of the nature of the complaint and called in one of the crew, a pock-marked black man, to discuss the symptoms. Within a day, their fears were confirmed; the mate had a severe case of smallpox.

The black man, having already had the disease, was put in charge of nursing the sick man, with strict injunctions to keep the nature of the illness from the rest of the crew. This left only five able seamen to work the sails and rigging. The captain's cabin was hastily turned into a sick bay, and Bessie and her father moved their clothing, bedding, nautical instruments and medicine chest into the 6 × 6 foot carpenter's shop, already encumbered with two wall bunks. As a precaution of that era, lest the disease be transmitted, the pet cat and all fresh fruit and vegetables were thrown overboard.

Nine days later, the *Rothesay* rounded Cape Sable on the south-western tip of Florida and entered the turbulent Gulf Stream, beset with squalls. At this juncture, Captain Hall fell ill and went below to join the first mate in sick bay, leaving Bessie in temporary control. The squalls now freshened to a gale, and the *Rothesay* was "taken aback" [1] by a sudden shift in the wind. Bessie pointed out that she had already been exposed to the smallpox and would need all the advice she could obtain in the days ahead. Therefore, sick as he was, Captain Hall came back on deck and ordered all sails furled, save the foretopsail and lower topsail. [2] Dizzy and ill, he turned the command of the ship over to his daughter and appointed the carpenter as first mate.

By this time, the crew were convinced that both the first mate and the captain had the dread smallpox. Meanwhile, the storm was fast developing strength. Under ordinary circumstances, orders would be obeyed by the crew without question, but the completely unprecedented conditions of the voyage led to a most unusual conclave which included all able hands. It was suggested that the ship change course and sail for Saint John, New Brunswick, as the *Rothesay* was owned by Hall and Fairweather of that city and medical help could be obtained there. However, the skeleton crew feared that it could not navigate the rock-bound Fundy coast and harbour, so this idea was discarded and the ship plunged on under mostly furled sails. The thought was also entertained that the first vessel sighted be hailed

1 Being "taken aback" occurs when a ship is surging forward under full sail. A sudden veering of the winds leaves her foundering, with sails flapping helplessly. An extremely dangerous situation, the sails can be rent and the masts snapped, leaving the ship to wallow and sink.

2 These sails are of heavier canvas.

with hopes that an officer could take over command. The crew balked at this idea as too vague, for who would take on a plague ship with a depleted crew?

So Bessie Hall, her father's appointed captain, took charge. The men respected her knowledge of seamanship and pledged her their allegiance. Storms raged all the way to the Grand Banks, but Bessie persevered; she performed all the captain's duties and also stood watch every night from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. One of the crew, her cousin Steve Blaney, plied her continuously with black coffee -- which later in life she could not abide!

Although her father had taught her to plot the course of a ship on a chart, she had never figured a position by dead reckoning. This she now had to do. Some of the difficulties besetting her were recounted in a narrative of the voyage which she dictated many years later: "There the distance run, the lea-way [*sic*], currents, cross-currents, and heaven knows what had to be taken into account. I had to study it all with the help of the *Epitome*.[3] Believe me, I found it hard enough; but I made a bluff at it and put our supposed position down each day in the chart and in the log book." The first time she was able to reckon by the sun, she was relieved to find they were not far off course; but reckoning by instrument was also difficult, for to get a bead on the horizon she had to climb on the spare spars, which were lashed to the bulwarks up by the foreward house -- a feat not generally taught to young ladies in the 1870s.

The stormy weather finally cleared, and the ship moved sluggishly under storm sails across the Atlantic from the Grand Banks to Cape Clear on the southern tip of Ireland. With a crew of only five sailors, Bessie dared not risk the difficult task of hoisting a full complement of sail.

The first Channel pilot to come aboard misled the *Rothesay* to the Isle of Man, but a second pilot finally brought her safely into Liverpool Harbour. Here they dropped anchor in the quarantine ground for the routine inspection of Customs and the port physician. Captain Hall, whose illness had been a varioloid form of smallpox, [4] was by this time recovering, but

3 The *Epitome* in 1870 was a compilation of the experiences of many captains through the years. First called *Captains' Secrets*, it was gradually gathered into a book titled *Epitome, a Summary of Nautical Practices*. Probably the *Epitome* used by Bessie Hall was one of the 28 editions published by J.W. Norie.

4 A mild form of smallpox sometimes suffered by persons previously vaccinated.

still weak; he was completely discouraged when the officials refused to board ship due to the nature of the contagion. He pursuaded Bessie to send a message by bum boat[5] to Andrew Gibson, an old Liverpool friend, whose brother, Alexander Gibson, was the lumber king of New Brunswick.

Though Hall's request had been to obtain as short a quarantine as possible, Gibson's reply ran: "Keep a stiff upper lip. I will dock your ship tomorrow morning." [5] Captain Hall demurred, as this was illegal, but the vessel was duly docked the next morning without proper entry papers. The *Rothesay* was hailed with joy, as she was long overdue and had been given up for lost. With the small crew, adverse weather and lack of sail, she had taken 49 days instead of the usual 30 to cover the 4,800-mile trip.[6] The ailing first mate was carried off on a shutter, and Bessie, in sailor's garb, was cheered by the crew as she stepped onto the wharf.

The insurance brokers, grateful for the safe arrival of the valuable cargo, planed a grand dinner in Bessie's honour, as well as the presentation of a gold watch engraved with the details of her feat. This proposal was never carried out, however, as the illegal docking of the quarantined ship brooked no publicity.

So Bessie Hall's gallant adventure remained almost unknown, save for the members of the crew and the strength of such a legendary achievement. The story lived on, and as late as the early 1900s, a Captain Bjarne, unloading cargo to Pickles, Mills and Sons of Annapolis Royal, asked to meet the Nova Scotian woman who as a girl had taken the *Rothesay* across the Atlantic.

Bessie Hall made one final voyage, to the Falkland Islands when she was 21. She subsequently married a cousin, James Hall, 14 March 1877, and had four children.[7] Elizabeth Pritchard Hall died on 30 June 1930 at the

5 Rowboats which performed a sort of taxi service in the harbour, bartering their services for whatever they could wangle, depending on the urgency of the customer.

6 According to Lloyd's of London, the *Rothesay* sailed from New Orleans 24 March 1870, left South West Pass 27 March 1870, arrived Liverpool 12 May 1870.

7 Marriage Registrations, Annapolis County. RG32, Series WB, Public Archives of Nova Scotia.

age of 81 and is buried in Stony Beach Cemetery, just below the village of Granville Ferry.[8]

The story is known today only because her first cousin, Jennie Cobb Bishop, wrote it down in 1956 from notes made by Bessie Hall many years after her adventure. Legend has it that she was the first, and perhaps the only woman to sail so large a vessel across the Atlantic and a worthy exponent of her family motto, *Turpiter Desperantur* (It is Base to Despair).

8 *The Spectator* (Annapolis Royal), 3 July 1930, p. 1, places her death on 26 June 1930, in Brookline, Mass., with interment in Granville Beach, 28 June.

Unnatural Mothers: Infanticide in Halifax, 1850-1875

Mary Ellen Wright

> The jurors call the attention of the citizens of Halifax to the exposure of the body of another infant, and earnestly urge upon them the necessity of reporting to the authorities any party or parties suspected of committing or conniving at an act of depravity so repugnant to law and the best feelings of our nature.
>
> — Coroner's Inquest, 1853[1]

> I am eighteen years old. I was a servant of Mr. Daly's for three months. I was in the family way when I went there. I went downstairs out into the yard and sat down at the water closet and the child was born then and slipped down into the vault. I thought it was cramps was the matter with me. I came in and went into the pantry for a few minutes and sat down. Then I went upstairs to bed. I sat on the upper stairs for a quarter of an hour.
>
> — deposition of Olivia Gibson, 1865[2]

The images conjured up by the pathetic testimony of Olivia Gibson and others like her stand in contrast to the coroner's image of an immoral and depraved woman. There is no arguing, however, that infanticide (defined for this article as the murder of a newly-born child) is not an attractive crime. The image of a dead baby in a muslin bag weighted with bricks, or wrapped in a dirty shawl and lying in a back alley, is both sad and shocking.

Unwanted babies were conceived because ignorance of birth control methods was general amongst all but a small segment of the population. It is difficult to determine the extent to which artificial methods of contraception were available in mid-nineteenth-century Halifax. By the 1850s, such devices as syringes (for spermicidal douches), condoms and diaphragms were being used in the United States. Diaphragms were especially popular, ostensibly to support the uterus or apply medication to it; because they were used in many cases as a protection from venereal disease, they came to have an unpleasant association. The rhythm method was also used, although modern knowledge of the menstrual cycle has revealed that the

1 Coroner's Inquest, 3 June 1853. RG41, Public Archives of Nova Scotia [hereafter PANS.].

2 RG41, 6 Feb. 1865, PANS.

days then considered to be "safe" were actually the most unsafe of all for the purpose of contraception.[3]

Birth control manuals were being published in the United States as early as the 1830s. [4] In Halifax, the *Acadian Recorder* of 6 September 1850 advertised *The Married Woman's Private Medical Companion* by Dr. A. Mauriceau, available for $1.00, either by mail from New York, or at R.G. Fraser's drugstore on Granville Street. "How many," it asked, "have difficult if not dangerous deliveries, and whose lives are jeoparded [*sic*] during each time will find in its pages the means of prevention, amelioration and relief? "

Of course, it was assumed that only a married woman need be concerned with contraception, and then only to limit her family to an economically manageable size, or to maintain her health for the purpose of caring for the children she already had. The idea of total prevention of conception by artificial means, smacking as it did of sexual licence, was repugnant to nineteenth-century society. A woman who involved herself in a sexual relationship outside of marriage had less access to the available forms of birth control, and risked conceiving an illegitimate child.

Once a woman discovered that she was pregnant, she was confronted with a number of choices. One of them was abortion. Doctors occasionally performed such operations, although they were dangerous as well as illegal. The minutes of the Nova Scotia Medical Society record that in 1863, Dr. William Davies of Halifax was accused of performing a number of abortions, and of teaching one woman how to induce miscarriage with a stick.[5] The accusation, made by Dr. Edward Jennings, was dropped, but the procedure described seems to have been familiar to all the doctors present.

Much more common were self-induced abortions produced by the ingestion of some abortifacient substance, such as the traditional tansy, pennyroyal, cotton root and ergot of rye. The last-named was the most reliable but also the most dangerous, capable of producing convulsions or a form of gangrene. The most readily available abortifacients, however, were a

3 James Reed, *From Private Vice to Public Virtue: the Birth Control Movement and American Society since 1830* (New York, 1978), pp. 3-66.

4 *Ibid.*

5 MG20, Vol. 181, pp. 125-131, PANS.

wide variety of patent medicines. These wonder-drugs, capable of curing everything from asthma to venereal disease, were advertised at length in every Halifax newspaper. The advertisements did not include "pregnancy" in their listing of diseases cured, but, for example, in an advertisement for Holloway's Pills in 1856, women were told: "No Female, young or old, should be without this celebrated medicine. It corrects and regulates the monthly courses at all periods, acting in many cases like a charm." [6] Mrs. E. Stuart, a Boston midwife, endorsed Ayer's Cathartic Pills in 1861, saying that "I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the natural secretion whether wholly or partly suppressed." [7] And in this testimonial to the efficacy of Dr. Radway's Pills, "The Great Purgative," J.G. Hodgeson wrote in 1865 that:

> Your 'Pills' and 'Ready Relief' have saved my daughter's life. In June last she was eighteen years of age and three months her menses were suppressed. She would frequently vomit blood, suffer terribly from headaches and pain in the back and thighs, and had frequent fits of hysterics. We commenced by giving her six of your pills every day, and rubbed Ready Relief on her spine, back and hips. We continued this treatment one week when to our joy she was relieved of her difficulty. She is now well and regular and has been so ever since.[8]

It is apparent from these advertisements that a missed menstrual period was regarded not necessarily as a sign of pregnancy, but merely as an indication of ill health. Certainly tight corsets, poor nutrition and lack of exercise could all produce similar effects. Furthermore, suppression of the menstrual flow was often seen as another version of constipation, and the possibility of pregnancy was sometimes not even considered. Medicines like Radway's Pills, which were strong purgatives, thus emphasized regulation rather than abortion.

None of the abortifacients discussed above were totally reliable. Also, it is possible that some young women, sheltered as they were from an under-

6 *British Colonist*, 15 Jan. 1856.

7 *Evening Reporter*, 9 Feb. 1861.

8 *Morning Chronicle*, 22 May 1865.

standing of the human reproductive process, did not realize they were pregnant until it was too late to induce an abortion safely or easily. Faced with the prospect of an illegitimate child, an unmarried woman still had a number of choices. She could bear the child, keep it, and with or without the assistance of her family, attempt to raise it. Notwithstanding the conventional picture of the disgraced daughter driven from her father's door, many women did keep and raise their children. This was more feasible in a family setting: a woman's male relatives could provide financial support until the woman could support herself -- forever, if necessary. Many unwed mothers subsequently married, either the father of their child or another man. There was also the possibility of having the child adopted in the family or the neighbourhood; in many such cases the child was raised as a younger sibling of its mother.[9]

There was also the possibility of putting the child in an orphanage. Institutions such as the Halifax Protestant Orphans' Home preferred not to take babies but there were, by the 1860s, other local institutions which would care for illegitimate infants. The Halifax Foundlings' Home existed for a time in the 1860s and would accept newborns abandoned in the city.[10] By 1875, the Halifax Infants' Home was attempting to care not just for the babies, but their mothers as well.[11] Unfortunately, these institutions had a limited capacity.

Another alternative, and one constantly deplored in the records of the Halifax Infants' Home, was the practice of "baby-farming." This was a sort of malevolent day-care, where children were left to be "taken care of." The payment of a lump sum to the caregiver generally absolved the mother of all future responsibility for her unwanted child. Further research is required to determine the prevalence of "baby-farming" in Halifax, but in 1880 the Halifax Infants' Home claimed to have "snatched gaunt skeletons from the cellars and garrets of Baby Farmers. . . ." [12]

9 Consultation with genealogists at PANS has revealed several instances of each of these scenarios.

10 Little information has been located on the Foundlings' Home other than that it was in existence by 1861, according to the Poor House records, and had disappeared from the City Directories by 1875.

11 Halifax Infants' Home, *2nd Annual Report*, 1876.

12 Halifax Infants' Home, *6th Annual Report*, 1880, p. 6.

For a number of reasons, it was in the best interests of an unmarried pregnant woman to keep her condition concealed from the world. In addition to the social stigma attached to pregnancy outside marriage, there were a number of economic factors involved. For a woman alone in the city, supporting an extra mouth was generally a great hardship. There was also the question of "maternity leave" from her place of employment, as well as the problem of what to do with the child while its mother worked. Most difficult of all was the problem of actually obtaining a job. Work as a servant was out of the question -- a woman was generally fired as soon as pregnancy was discovered, or even suspected.[13] In fact, most respectable lines of work were closed to an unmarried mother, and she was faced with a choice between life in the Poor Asylum, life on the street, or a forced retreat to the bosom of her sometimes distant family.

There was one other alternative, most dangerous and difficult of all. The woman could attempt to conceal her pregnancy from those around her, bear the child alone and in secret, and then dispose of the body, either on a church doorstep or some other public place, or in a dark alley or the conveniently available harbour, where the body might never be found. The rest of this article will be devoted to an examination of this last desperate alternative.

What was the extent of the problem of infanticide in Halifax? An examination of coroner's inquests, court records and newspapers for the years between 1850 and 1875 reveals 124 bodies of infants discovered in the streets of Halifax. It is possible to divide these cases into three distinct categories of dead children: those who died before being abandoned, those who were abandoned alive, but with some chance of survival, and those whose death was cold-bloodedly procured.

The first of these categories, and the largest, was that of stillborn children. Out of 124 bodies, 78 died naturally or were born dead. A sub-category of eleven bodies included children who, having been born dead or dying shortly after birth, were abandoned in graveyards. This may have signified some concern for appropriate disposal of a dead child on the part of people with no money for burial expenses. Testimonies given by coroner's wit-

13 See comments in various Coroner's Inquests where the mother of the child was known.

nesses sometimes spoke of cigar-box coffins and carefully dressed corpses.[14] It may also have been that a graveyard was the one place certain to be deserted at night. The second category included ten children abandoned in public places, such as the steps of Brunswick Street Methodist Church.[15] This was probably an attempt by the mother to rationalize what she was doing by making it theoretically possible for the child to be rescued. Finally, there were 25 out-and-out cases of murder, including a child who was thrown into Halifax Harbour in a bag weighted with bricks, and a child found on Robie Street with its mouth taped closed with sticking plaster.[16]

It is impossible to determine the exact number of infanticides taking place in Halifax during these years, because it is certain that a number of babies were never found at all. Estimates of the total number of infanticides in London, England for this period run between 300 and 1100 per year, with an average figure of 225 discovered cases.[17] Using those proportions (one-to three-quarters more than reported), we can estimate from thirty to ninety undiscovered births for Halifax in this period. Figures on the number of infanticides in Toronto for a later date show that between 1877 and 1894, fifty-three cases were investigated by the coroner. From 1860 to 1875, at least eighteen cases had been reported -- i.e. people who were arrested for infanticide or concealment of birth.[18]

This study does not take into account the children who were found before they were dead. Several such cases were reported every year. An example of one such lucky child was mentioned in the *Acadian Recorder*, 2 February 1850:

> INFANTICIDE - This unnatural crime, we are sorry to say, seems to be on the increase in our city. A few evenings ago a Bayman on board his shallop was about to weight [*sic*] anchor when his attention was directed to a sudden

14 RG41, 28 Sept. 1863, 9 May 1866, PANS.

15 *Ibid.*, 27 Jan. 1853.

16 RG41, 22 Jan. 1857, PANS; *Acadian Recorder*, 24 Jan. 1857; RG41, 24 Mar. 1875, PANS.

17 R. Sauer, "Infanticide and Abortion in Nineteenth-Century Britain," in *Population Studies*, 32 (No. 1, Mar. 1978), 86.

18 W. Peter Ward, "Unwed Motherhood in Nineteenth-Century English Canada," in Canadian Historical Association *Historical Papers* (1981), 44.

> splash, and it being moonlight, he discovered something as if cast into the water from the wharf near which his craft was lying. The sudden disappearance of a person who had apparently caused the object to be thrown into the water, excited his surprise, and he boldly rushed to the rescue. Upon recovering it to his surprise and horror it proved to be a healthy newborn infant, wrapped up, loaded with weights to sink it. The child was immediately cared for and is doing well.

Of course, these foundling children were a potential part of the problem of infanticide and the concealment of birth, but they were not as visible in the records, perhaps because a child who was rescued was not such a scandal as a child who died. Most of the foundlings were placed in the Poor Asylum.[19]

Who were the "unnatural mothers" who were abandoning their children? In most cases they were never discovered. It is possible to find out something about them, however, by looking at the places where their children were found. Halifax Harbour was the most common location, followed by the Commons, and Camp Hill and Holy Cross cemeteries. But most of the corpses were found in an area bounded by Sackville Street, Brunswick Street, Hurd's Lane (near Cogswell Street) and the waterfront. This area included a large number of boarding houses and brothels, and was home to most of the lowest level of Halifax society. A woman would probably try to get rid of the evidence of her "sin" as close to home as possible. Walking any distance with an unusual bundle, or more especially a crying infant, was liable to arouse suspicion; also, a certain weakness was natural if the women had just given birth. The journey to the Commons or Camp Hill Cemetery would likely have been undertaken by an accomplice.

Court records and coroner's inquests during this period reveal the names of 26 women and one man who were known to have abandoned dead or living children. Three of the women were married, and were disposing of the child of an adulterous relationship; the only man implicated in a case of infanticide was involved with one of these women.[20] Two were married

19 Poor Asylum Records, RG35-102, Series 33, PANS.

20 RG41, 5 Oct. 1851, 8 Jan. 1864, 20 Apr. 1865, PANS.

women abandoned by their soldier husbands.[21] Ten of the women were servants. One woman came to Halifax from Cornwallis, Kings County, to have her child in secret.[22] Of the remaining ten, little is known.

Domestic servants seem to have been particularly prone to the crime of infanticide, or at least to the misfortune of being caught. A London survey of 1857 indicates that of 339 unwed mothers whose children had died in that year, 194 were domestic servants.[23] One reason why domestics were liable to be caught was because they were obliged to continue their daily activities under the scrutiny of their employers, even to the point of working while they were in labour, if they wanted to avoid discovery of their condition.

Of the 27 persons arrested for infanticide during the period examined, ten women and one man actually came to trial. The case of Olivia Gibson is typical. Olivia was eighteen years old when her child was born. A servant at Malachy B. Daly's home on Kent Street, she shared a bed with another girl who later claimed she had no idea Olivia was pregnant. Olivia had been employed at Daly's for three months when, early in the morning of 5 February 1865, she was awakened by what she said she thought were cramps. She went downstairs to the indoor bathroom, where she sat for about ten minutes, then went outdoors to the privy at the end of the yard, where the child was born and fell into the vault. Olivia made no attempt to retrieve it. After a few minutes, she returned to the house, calling out to reassure Mr. Daly that she was not a burglar. She got as far as the pantry and had to rest, got halfway up the stairs and had to rest again. She was caught because she overslept, and so did not get a chance to wipe up the trail of blood she had left behind her. Olivia was confronted by Mr. Daly, who later testified that he had suspected she was pregnant. She quickly packed her belongings and left the house, going first to a friend's residence on Albemarle Street, and later to her mother's house on Grafton

21 *Ibid.*, 26 July 1865, 5 Apr. 1866.

22 *Ibid.*, 11 July 1850.

23 Sauer, "Infanticide and Abortion," p. 86.

Street, where the police found her. She identified the father of her child as Joseph Edgars, a bombardier in the Artillery.[24]

Olivia's eventual fate is not clear. The *Acadian Recorder* of 17 February 1865 says she died in prison, but the same paper of 15 May 1865 says she was found not guilty of infanticide. However, we know much more about her than we do about the other women whose names appear in the various records. What happened to these women? They do not appear in the proceedings of the police court.[25] None of them subsequently married -- in Halifax County, at least[26] -- nor, according to the available civil birth registrations, did any of them bear a second illegitimate child.[27] There is, in fact, no way of knowing whether they remained in Halifax or moved away to start a new life.

Was infanticide a common solution to the problems posed by an illegitimate child? It is difficult, first of all, to determine the illegitimacy rate in Halifax for the period from 1850 to 1875. While civil registration of births existed from 1864 to 1877, it was never more than about two-thirds accurate, and admitted to being much less precise when it came to illegitimate births.[28] The first year for which a statistical breakdown is available is 1866. In that year, 31 illegitimate births were registered in the city of Halifax.[29] Assuming that the dead babies were also illegitimate (an assumption made in the law until 1851[30]), the number rises to 46. The proportion of infanticides to total illegitimate births is therefore an appalling 32.6%, almost one-third. This is again comparable to London, England, where one survey determined

24 RG41, 6 Feb. 1865, PANS.

25 As reported in the newspapers.

26 RG32, Series M, Marriage License indexes for Halifax County, 1864-1916, PANS.

27 RG32, Series WB, Birth Registration indexes, 1864-1876, PANS. Civil registrations do not exist before or after these dates.

28 *Tenth Annual Report of the Marriages, Births and Deaths Registered in Nova Scotia during the Year 1875* (Halifax, 1876); *Annual Report*, 1874, p. 21.

29 *Annual Report*, 1874, p. 25.

30 *Revised Statutes of Nova Scotia*, Series 1 (1851), Cap. 162.

that about 45% of illegitimate children born in a certain district died soon after birth, of unnatural causes.[31]

The crimes of infanticide and concealment of birth appear to have been less common in rural areas. Between 1850 and 1875, nine cases of infanticide were reported in Halifax County, outside the city of Halifax. Of these, four were in Dartmouth, where the urban influence was most strongly felt, and one was a body washed up on the beach near South-East Passage in the outer reaches of Halifax Harbour. The illegitimacy rate was correspondingly lower -- about 3%, as compared with 4.5% in the city[32] -- but the number of infanticides is not in proportion to this rate.

There are several explanations for this. First of all, close family and community scrutiny in rural areas made it difficult for a woman to conceal her pregnancy, and even more difficult to dispose secretly of an infant. Also, a pregnant woman could more readily turn to her family. Another factor could be that chaperonage was much stricter, thus avoiding the problem in the first place. Finally, the city of Halifax had a large proportion of lonely men. In addition to being a major seaport, it was a garrison for both the British Army and the Royal Navy. Two or three infant bodies were found in the Naval Hospital graveyard -- perhaps a last attempt to saddle the fathers with some of the responsibility.

The problem of infanticide appears to have risen to a peak in the early 1860s, a factor also evident in the English figures.[33] From an average of three cases a year in the 1850s, the numbers rose to eight per year, with as many as fifteen cases in 1866. The number of discovered infanticides declined in the 1870s and 1880s, averaging one to two coroner's reports per year.[34] It is difficult to find an economic justification for such a dramatic increase. Halifax in the 1860s was experiencing what has been called a golden age of prosperity. The explanation may lie simply in the increased number

31 Sauer, "Infanticide and Abortion," p. 86. Halifax figures are derived from Coroner's Reports and newspaper accounts for 1866.

32 *Annual Reports*, Vital Statistics, 1866-1875.

33 Sauer, quoted in Ward, "Unwed Motherhood," p. 44.

34 Data collected by Ian McKay from Halifax newspapers for the later period indicates that the problem did not diminish. Further research is required on this point.

of people living in the city, making illegitimacy -- and the discovery of bodies -- more common.

It is possible, however, to offer some explanations for what appears to be an increased visibility of the problem during these years. With a rising awareness of the value of the human resource, nineteenth-century society acquired a horror for wasted lives. The criminal, the insane, the physically handicapped -- all of these human machines could be properly repaired, so as to be an asset to the community rather than a drain on resources. Children -- perhaps especially children -- were valued for their potential benefit to the society in which they would eventually function. In the 1876 report of the Halifax Infants' Home, for example, a Halifax clergyman commented that the Home's inmates "would no doubt have been destroyed, now we expect them to grow up to be useful members of society, and in this way you have rendered better service to our country than any immigrant agent." [35] They were cherished, cared for and carefully inculcated with the physical, mental and moral qualities guaranteed -- so it was hoped -- to improve the lot of the human race. Infanticide, then, became more than a crime against an individual child: it became a crime against the society in which the child would have lived. Since increasing efforts were being made to rescue women from "immoral" lives, it was possible that the child's mother, too, could have been redeemed, were it not for the greater crime of infanticide; and so two lives were lost to society by one crime. If we view the rising visibility of infanticide in this light, we may well wonder which was increasing -- the magnitude of the problem, or the magnitude of the crime.

Given the increased visibility of the crime, how did Halifax society perceive the problem of infanticide? Coroner's inquest juries throughout the period under study deplored the frequency of a crime "so repugnant to law and the best feeling of our nature," [36] and on one occasion offered a reward for the apprehension of the guilty party.[37] They were especially concerned about the number of children whose murderers were never found.

35 Halifax Infants' Home, *2nd Annual Report*, pp. 8-9.

36 RG41, 4 June 1853, PANS.

37 *Ibid.*, 1 June 1858.

The *Acadian Recorder* of 29 May 1858 expressed these concerns, and those of the general community, when it commented that "Crimes of this character are too frequent in this community, and it behooves the proper authorities to exercise a little more vigilence in bringing to justice the heartless perpetrators of so inhuman a crime." It went on to point out that "[i]n addition to the gross immorality of the act -- the frequency of such crimes entails considerable tax upon the county." A month later, in an exasperated comment on yet another unsolved infanticide, the *Recorder* remarked: "A formal inquest was, of course, held upon it. . .; but why the county should be put to the expense of paying the charges attending in such cases when no efforts to discover and punish the murderers can result from them, we are at a loss to conceive." [38] Seven years later, the *Unionist and Halifax Journal* of 20 October 1865 made a similar comment on the inefficiency of the police in discovering the perpetrators of a recent crime: "We presume this is all we shall hear of it. Occurring in any other community, the guilty party would be discovered."

It would seem that frustration was focused on the inefficiency of the criminal investigation and the expense of the coroner and his jury. For most of the period under examination, the abandoned bodies of infants appear to have been seen mainly as nuisances, of no particular interest or importance. Newspaper coverage of such cases was generally limited to one or two lines, running to as many as three if the mother was caught, and a correspondingly brief comment on the results of any court case that might follow. Any extensive comment was concerned with the behaviour of the coroner or the unnecesary costs appertaining to calling a jury for what was, after all, a death of only slightly more concern than that of a dog. Perfunctory comments were sometimes made on the need to stem the increase of such a heinous crime.

The evidence presented at coroner's inquests further substantiates this rather cavalier attitude towards the discovery of a dead baby. One inquest, on the body of an infant found in an alley behind a rum shop on Water Street, recounted people laughing and joking about the discovery of the body: "Fahey came in and said there was a prize for us in the alleyway,"

38 *Acadian Recorder*, 26 June 1858.

stated one witness.[39] In another case, of stillbirth, the man in whose house the birth had taken place testified, "I did not know it was necessary to bury it in a graveyard. I buried it because it was smelling the room." [40] Such comments suggest the existence, at least among the lower levels of Halifax society, of a callous disregard for the sanctity of the human body and the necessary proprieties connected with its death and burial.

A slight change in the perception of the nature of the crime occurred, however, when some attention was shifted from the death of babies to the plight of the mothers. Beginning in the mid-1860s, there was some attempt to understand why women killed or abandoned their infants. In 1865, when the problem had risen to a peak, the *Morning Chronicle* noted that "some heartless mother has been guilty of the infamous attempt to shirk the responsibility of caring for her offspring." [41] The *Unionist and Halifax Journal* did not take such a simplistic approach. Quoting from a London newspaper, it commented: "The evil of such Infanticide must be grappled with if possible, since the prevalence of the crime is a scandal to the age, and yet none are fit to discuss it who will not begin by acknowledging its difficulties." [42]

The *Morning Chronicle*'s comment about the shirking of responsibilities reflected the increased importance attached to the "job" or "duty" of motherhood; it had, by the mid-nineteenth century, become a woman's holy duty to love and care for her child under all circumstances. The more moderate comments of the *Unionist* reveal that there were, in fact, circumstances under which the holy duty became well-nigh impossible to perform -- circumstances of desertion, death, or desperate financial straits.

The establishment of the Halifax Infants' Home in 1875 symbolized this new perception of the problem of infanticide. More emphasis was placed on the reform of the mother. Through domestic training and moral instruction, attempts were made to restore women to productive places

39 RG41, 25 Apr. 1861, PANS.

40 *Ibid.*, 26 July 1865.

41 *Morning Chronicle*, 18 Jan. 1865.

42 *Unionist and Halifax Journal*, 25 Aug. 1865.

in society, instead of allowing them to sink to positions where they would become a burden on that society, either in the poor house or in jail. Children too were rescued, to be adopted into "good homes" where they would be inculcated with moral values appropriate to a society which was steadily working toward moral perfection.

Regardless of their somewhat cynical approach to reporting local cases of infanticide, the Halifax press was able to present sympathetic coverage of the crime when it occurred elsewhere. The *Novascotian* of 5 July 1852 reprinted a lengthy account of the case of Kate Virginia Poole, a Scottish immigrant sentenced to life imprisonment in the New Hampshire State prison for infanticide. A victim of rape, Poole had intended to keep her child, but apparently threw if off a train in a fit of what might now be recognized as post-natal depression. The interviewer gave a moving account of the events leading to the crime, and thought that Poole should have been found not guilty by reason of temporary insanity.

Poole no doubt presented an appealing figure to the reporter, being young and perhaps attractive. Indeed, in other cases as well -- including some closer to home -- the verdict of a judge and jury may well have been affected by the attitude of the defendant towards her alleged crime. The stories of Olivia Gibson and Sarah Tolliver are remarkably similar. Sarah Tolliver, a black woman, was a servant at the Halifax home of John Kelly when her child was born on 10 April 1862. The body of the child was discovered in the privy; it had been born alive. Sarah first denied she had been pregnant, then denied she had any knowledge of the birth of the child. In her disposition, she finally admitted: "I had the child. . . in the kitchen. . . . I laid still for twenty minutes after the child was born because I was not able to move. The child never cried. The child and afterbirth came together. I threw them both into the privy." [43] Sarah Tolliver was found guilty of murder, while Olivia Gibson was found not guilty of any crime (although she may already have been dead at that point). It was a difference of attitudes, probably combined with the fact that she was black, that convinced the jury to send Sarah to prison. She was, however, recommended for mercy, and served only three months.

43 RG41, 12 Apr. 1862, PANS.

Notwithstanding the generally unsympathetic comments appearing in the press, it is apparent that infanticide was not considered by residents of Halifax to be a serious crime. This is evident from the verdicts given in cases where the criminal was brought to justice. Ten women and one man were brought to trial for infanticide during the years between 1850 and 1875. Two of the women were acquitted of any crime. Two were convicted of infanticide, for which the maximum penalty at that time was seven years. One of these women was sentenced to three months in prison, the other to eight months. The other six women and the single man were found guilty on the reduced charge of concealing a birth, for which the maximum sentence was two years. Sentences ranged from three months, in the case involving the man, to two years. Six out of the ten tried, including both the women convicted of murder, were black.[44]

There was a general reluctance on the part of jurors to find a woman guilty of infanticide, since the penalty had initially been death, and had been so since 1758, when the offence had been included by statute in the same category as treason and felony. The Nova Scotian legislation imitated that which was already in force in Great Britain:

> V And be it further Enacted. That if any woman be delivered of any issue of her body. . .which being born alive, should by the laws of the realm of England be a bastard, and that she endeavour privately, either by drowning or secret burying thereof. . .so to conceal the death thereof. . .the mother so offending shall suffer death as in the case of murder except such mother can make proof by one witness that the Child whose death was by her so intended to be concealed, was born dead.[45]

The onus of proof thus fell upon the defendant, who was presumed to be guilty until she could demonstrate otherwise. Juries were understandably reluctant to convict women to death. The law was amended in 1813, since "the provisions [of the 1758 statute] have been found in sundry cases difficult and inconvenient to be put in practice." [46] The amendment changed the rules of evidence to those applying to any other murder trial. It also provided

44 RG39, Series J, Vol. 132, pp. 28-30, 61, 85, PANS.

45 *Statutes of Nova Scotia*, 32 Geo. II (1758), Cap. XIII, Sec. 5.

46 *Statutes of Nova Scotia*, 53 Geo. III (1813), Cap. XI.

that a jury could, without further trial, sentence a woman to up two years' imprisonment for concealment of birth. The legislation in effect for the period of this study was enacted in 1851. It did not make any separate provision for infanticide, but continued the provision for the punishment of concealment of birth.[47]

Another problem with establishing guilt was that it was difficult to determine whether or not the child had ever lived. In cases where violence was indicated, it was assumed that the child had been born alive, but in many cases an unmarked body was found. The common test performed to see if the child had breathed was to place part or all of the lungs in a tub of water. If the lungs floated, the child had lived. This method was acknowledged at the time to be unreliable, and juries were unwilling to pin a woman's fate on such flimsy evidence. However, they seem to have been ready to believe the most remarkable stories of ignorance and coincidence, and appear to have been anxious to reduce sentences to a minimum.

What was the solution to the problem of infanticide? The *Unionist and Halifax Journal* of 25 August 1865 believed that foundling homes were the answer, but had previously commented that "[n]otwithstanding the establishment of a foundling hospital, every now and then a case of infanticide occurs." [48] The Halifax Infants' Home came closer to the root of the problem when it attempted to help mothers, as well as their children. Answering charges in 1876 that the Home encouraged vice, the Home's directors claimed that " 'Vice' . . . instead of being encouraged, is met and battled with. Many a girl is saved at the first step in the way of crime -- rescued to a life of honesty, industry and virtue." [49]

Most of the records of the Halifax Infants' Home are unavailable for examination, but considerable information about the policies and operations of the Home can be gleaned from the annual reports. It was opened in

47 *Revised Statutes of Nova Scotia* (1851), Cap. 162, Sec. 12; *Criminal Code of Canada* (1982), Part VI, Sec. 216, 220, 226, 227. In the present Criminal Code, infanticide is a crime separate from murder. A female commits infanticide if she kills her child when she is not fully recovered from childbirth, and "by reason thereof or of the effect of lactation consequent on the birth of the child her mind is then disturbed." The sentence for this charge is five years; it is two years for concealment of birth.

48 *Unionist and Halifax Journal*, 10 July 1865.

49 Halifax Infants' Home, *2nd Annual Report*, 1876, p. 7.

February 1875, and by December of that year had admitted 55 infants. Of these, eighteen had died, nine were returned to their parents, two went to orphanages and one was adopted, leaving 35 in residence. The annual report compared the mortality rate of about 33% with that of Montreal's Grey Nuns, whose institution had a mortality rate of 90%. In subsequent years, the Home's mortality rate dropped to an average of 20%.[50]

While the minutes of the Home reveal some discussion about the moral qualities desirable in women who were admitted, the annual reports appear to be less judgmental: "Destitute widows with their babes are in the Home, but there are always girls with illegitimate children, and these nurses, as well as the babes, are greatly benefitted." [51] The unwed mothers mentioned here were probably not prostitutes, since the Home seems to have been geared to unfortunate working-class women who became pregnant: "Not a few [of these women] have done their duty very faithfully while in the Home, and have themselves been restored to homes and families as if brought back from the dead."[52] Their "duty" consisted of helping with domestic chores in the Home and, if possible, nursing the motherless infants present, along with their own children.

The problem of infanticide did not end, of course, with the establishment of the Halifax Infants' Home, or any of the local institutions. Throughout the 1880s, newspapers and coroner's inquests refer to the dead bodies of abandoned infants being found in out-of-the-way corners of Halifax and its environs. The Infants' Home continued to refer to baby farming and, of course, people continued to have unwanted children. Increasingly, too, came reports of neglected children, as the new and enhanced standards of child care penetrated to the lower echelons of society. As has been demonstrated again and again in scholarly studies of "social gospel" movements, institutionalizing the problem did not cause it to disappear. However, society's attempts to rescue valuable human lives, and to understand the motives that drove girls like Olivia Gibson to kill their children, began to provide choices other than the last, desperate alternative.

50 See *Annual Reports*, 1877-1900.

51 Halifax Infants' Home, *3rd Annual Report*, 1877, p. 10.

52 *Ibid.*, p. 5.

Captain Arthur E. Gullison with his wife, Josephine (Corning) Gullison, and children Frederick and Beulah; Singapore, ca. 1901. *Photograph courtesy of Beulah Gullison Perry.*

Remembering: Growing Up as a Sea-Captain's Daughter

Beulah Gullison Perry

I was born on 26 March 1895 in a little seaside village on the Bay of Fundy -- Beaver River, Nova Scotia, it is called. It was a typical time of muddy roads and my Aunt May, mother's only sister, was afraid they would get stuck in the deep mud coming through "the barrens" -- an unpopulated and scrubbily wooded area -- as they came in a horse-drawn carriage from Yarmouth to help for awhile. I was the youngest of three children born to Arthur Eugene Gullison and Josephine Roche Corning, who were a fine-looking couple and even finer in their wonderful way of living. Mother and Dad's first son Daniel died, only nine months old -- a great grief -- and mother always said so sadly, "My only child with brown eyes like my sweetheart Gene." Two years later my brother Fred was born, and then in about five years I appeared on the scene.

Dad was a sea captain as was his brother Frank, and his father Benjamin before him, all on square-rigged ships that sailed the oceans in the 1870s, '80s and '90s. Clement Crowell has written about them in his book, *Novascotiaman* (Halifax, 1979). A third son, my Uncle Ralph, went on one long voyage with Uncle Frank before deciding that the sea was not for him. He became a medical missionary, with financial help from Dad and Uncle Frank, and served many years in India. Sea-going men started at an early age in those days. Dad first went to sea as a cabin boy at age eleven and had his master's papers by the time he was twenty-one, which was early even in those days. He served as second mate to Uncle Frank in 1861 and then had his own command after that.

My maternal grandmother I never knew. My grandfather, Daniel Corning, was locally known as "Daniel the Prophet," with his great wisdom in telling things that would happen before they did. On the few times my mother stayed at home when Dad went to sea, she was often comforted by her father announcing, "You will hear from your Gene today, Josie," and I believe it never failed to be as he said. Mother's two brothers, Fred and Theophilus, also went to sea. I never knew Captain "Thoft," as he was called, as he was lost at sea in an Atlantic gale the year I was born. Mother's sister May married a Captain Crosby and had a large family. Her cousin Della, with whom she was close, married Uncle Frank and she and Aunt Della corresponded back and forth about going to sea with their husbands.

The early years of my life were spent mostly aboard ship. Dad had a number of commands, among them the *Euphemia*, the *Otego*, and later the

one I remember best, the *Bowman B. Law*. Certain things are so clear in my mind, from those days. Mother and Dad were really "ahead of their time." We had a daily routine that we followed on board. Mornings were devoted to school work for my brother and me, with Mother as the teacher. I can also remember doing physical exercises of some kind -- a kind of calisthenics, I guess you would say. She also taught us music on a small pedal-type organ which we had in our quarters. We were prompted after meals to brush our teeth and practise our music for awhile each day. Mother was talented musically and could play many instruments; she had a lovely, deep contralto voice. There were always books around, particularly the Bible and Bible stories, and both Mom and Dad read a lot, especially together, as they did almost everything.

Our quarters were away in the stern, just below the "after" deck. We had a parlour-sized central cabin which served as a sitting/living area, with two bunk rooms off to either side. There was also a "head," consisting of a sink and a small tub, as well as a toilet. Water was very precious and we were careful never to waste it -- or anything else, for that matter. We also had a small galley where Mother cooked on occasion, although we had most of our meals brought to us from the main galley.

I can remember watching Dad at work. He had a chart room close by, where he slept, and I can see him still, tapping on the side of his barometer to get an idea whether the needle showing air pressure was going up or down. I could tell by the expression on his face if the indication was for good weather or bad. I can remember, too, looking up at him as he used instruments to "shoot" the sun or the stars, and then watching him write in his log. I was also aware that he had responsibilities that went beyond navigation and running the crew. He used to pore over his books as he balanced accounts of cargo sales and ship expenses.

Fred and I weren't usually allowed forward where the crew was, but we often watched them at their work. I can remember them scrambling up the rigging to change sail and then in calm weather, or in port, mending the sails. They used to sing a lot at their work, especially when they did things in unison. Some of them had good voices, too. In later years, Dad and my uncles used to entertain at social gatherings by singing some of those shanties, and the women who had been to sea would join in.

The crew was a rough lot for the most part. In port they would go off and get drunk and sometimes not get back in time. Dad often had to go hunting for them, or try to hire someone new if he couldn't find them. Sometimes the ship would have to leave short-handed, which was always a source of worry. Mom and Dad saw so much drunkenness, and the fighting it brought on, that they were turned against strong drink.

On one of our voyages, some members of the crew came aft in a very militant manner, demanding the day off from work, as it was Good Friday and their religion called for a day of rest and meditation. My Dad, to their surprise, met them calmly and agreed to their demands with his usual fairness, saying, "Of course -- I respect any man's religion."

Most of them were good to us though, talking to us and teaching us things. I remember particularly our nice German red-bearded cook, who was so kind to us. He made little goodies for my brother and me, and would let us tease him with pepper in our hands, when he would sneeze and exclaim, "Oh, my!" in such a comical way. Of course, he spoke with a strong accent, which intrigued us no end. Our carpenter, who was from our home village, made me a nice table and chair and a doll's cradle. I played with my dolls and with my pet monkey. Fred and I each had a little monkey, "Jack" and "Jill" we called them; my Jill fell overboard one day and I felt very badly for some time afterwards.

I remember too, so clearly, the time a huge whale followed us at sea, diving down under the ship and coming up on the other side with a great blowing of water, so playfully, as if he was delighted to find some life out on the vast ocean. Fred and I loved it, and of course didn't realize how anxiously our parents watched it all, fearing the huge mammal would hit the keel and dislodge the cargo -- we were carrying a load of lumber -- which would have been very serious. Another memory that remains with me vividly is the sight of the snow-white breast of a great albatross that lay on the deck of our ship after it had flown into the rigging and killed itself.

I do remember some bad storms at sea, but don't recall ever being afraid. I rather liked the pitch and roll of the ship. In those days there was no Panama Canal, so many a vessel was lost at sea, trying to get around the treacherous waters off Cape Horn. It almost happened to us, and I have a faint recollection of the high cliffs hovering over the ship, as we were

driven by the wind nearer and nearer to shore. It became a family story, and as it was related, Dad said, "I've done all I can," but Mom said, "There must be something to do, don't give up!" He tried a new tack and we barely escaped almost certain death. With so many happenings like this in her twenty years of seagoing, it was amazing how well Mother did in an emergency -- although a nervous woman in everyday living and over little things.

We did visit some interesting places. On more than one occasion I rode in a rickshaw; I can visualize the man running in front of us between the shafts. It must have been in either Shanghai or Hong Kong, as we visited both. I also have a recollection of the beggars in the streets, perhaps in Singapore, and of their thin, outstretched arms. They had a plaintive kind of cry which sounded to us like, "inky-minky-monky-sinky." Whenever Fred and I would tease Mom and Dad to get us something, they would tease us back by holding their hands out and saying, "inky-minky-monky-sinky." When we went ashore, we had to pass through the dock-side areas of the cities, which were usually rough and dirty. Even as a child, I was impressed with the squalid appearance of the streets -- such a contrast to the tidiness of our ship.

We sailed a lot out of Philadelphia -- "Philadelpha," Mother called it -- and had a berth there on the river. We were in San Francisco too, I know, because I can remember riding on the cable cars up and down the hills. It seemed to me almost like a ride at a carnival. I remember, too, a shopping trip with Mother somewhere in England, where she bought a lot of linens.

On our last voyage, Dad commanded the *Bowman B. Law*, an iron barque named after and owned by the Law family in our town of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. We were loaded with case oil and anchored in the harbour at Tegal, Java. Coolies unloading the vessel were warned not to smoke, but someone must have disobeyed, for we were rudely awakened in the night with cries of, "Fire! Fire!" being called by the man on watch. It was a scramble, but quietly done as I remember. We didn't stop to dress or pick up things to take in the lifeboats, but a queer variety of items were thrown into our boat by the crew in their excitement. A rather comical thing, but dear to me, was a "Tiger Tea" doll that I played with all the time. It was part of an advertisement for Tiger Tea, which was much used at that time. Mother

had sent for it with the coupons enclosed in a pound of tea, and had stuffed if for me. Since it was a good size, I loved it as the "baby" I had always asked for. It was thrown down, along with some of the ship's instruments and a silver set which had *Bowman B. Law* engraved on the pieces. I still have the dented barometer on which Mother scratched the name of the ship. Dad, of course, wouldn't leave the vessel until everyone was off and safely in lifeboats. I remember dear Mom calling to him as we rowed away from the flaming ship. She must have been terrified, but she came through it, as usual, with flying colours; quite a gal, my Mom was, in any critical happening.

In Tegal we stayed at a hotel for awhile, until Dad could settle all the business to do with the ship and make arrangements for our long trip home. Everyone was kind to us. The hotel manager gave Fred a train with cars on a track, and me a beautiful doll all dressed in pink satin, trimmed with French lace. It had golden hair and blue eyes -- a beauty compared with my Tiger Tea doll, which I still loved and continued to, until it just wore out. I kept the new one "specially."

I don't remember much about our trip home, but I do have a sort of *en route* set of old photographs, on which Mother had written some details of the journey. In September 1901 we went from Tegal to Batavia, then we took the steamship *Awa Maru* from Singapore to London. *En route* we called at Pinang, Malaysia for three days and then Columbo, Ceylon for four days. We went through the Suez Canal and I do remember, in Port Said it must have been, watching a diver go down under the ship to fix some trouble they were having with the rudder. Mother's writing relates that we left there 2 December 1901 for London, stopping at Marseilles on the way. Mother wrote of the extreme heat in the Red Sea, and then the dramatic change to wintry cold gales across the Atlantic from London to Halifax. We arrived in Halifax in January 1902.

So began a new era in my life. Dad, with Uncle Frank who had retired earlier from seagoing, bought out a business my grandfather had followed after his own retirement. It was a grocery store with feed, flour and many extras. They had a schooner, the *Annie*, in which they exported lumber and piling, mostly to Boston, and imported flour, sugar, molasses, shoes and other material to be sold in the store. At first, Dad and Uncle Frank

sailed the *Annie*, but later they hired a captain. The store was located in Salmon River, just a mile or so to the north of Beaver River, but a cold drive in winter along the Bay of Fundy shore.

Salmon River was mostly inhabited by Acadian French, who were strictly Roman Catholic. They had a magnificent church, with a beautiful interior; much of the stone to build it had been brought from France. I remember my surprise when I first saw the women kneel in the road to kiss the priest's skirt. I had never seen that before. The people gave to their church, even though their own houses were lacking in comforts. They fished and built ships and had small farms. Dad found them most interesting, usually carefree and happy as they collected around his pot-bellied stove in the store to swap stories. Many a tale he brought home to us over supper at night.

One story that comes to mind was about Old Hilaire Deveau, who prefaced everything he said with, "I haf perceive. . .," and noted particularly, "I haf perceive if I live though March I live the rest of the year." How Dad loved that! Another tale was about a younger man from the area, and known to everyone as "Silly Ben" -- although he perhaps had more common sense than those who called him that. "Silly Ben" was always looking for candy, and hung around Dad's store a lot. A regular inquiry of his was to ask, "Where's the *Annie*?" meaning Dad's schooner. One day Dad was up in the loft of the store, and in throwing down a bag of meal didn't see Ben below, and hit and knocked him down. Fearing he was hurt, Dad rushed down to him, only to have Ben look up and say, "Where's the *Annie*?" -- much to Dad's relief, and afterwards, his amusement.

Dad was great -- so even-tempered and his word was his bond. I knew of no one who didn't trust him. My Uncle Frank was a little quick-tempered, so Dad usually met the "upset" customers instead. A lady rushed in one day, ready -- and hoping, I guess -- to have an argument, because she had gotten a package of raisins with worms. Dad said, "That's okay, we don't charge any more for worms," and promptly handed her a box from the shelf. That was my father's way in everything.

Our house in Beaver River was on the main north-south road along the Bay of Fundy, twelve miles north of Yarmouth -- a long trip in those days of unpaved roads and travel by horse and carriage. What a view we had of the ocean! The house was close by the Baptist church, one of perhaps two dozen or so homes in the village. It isn't much different in size today.

There was a small store, a post office, and a Temperance Hall just down the road on our "corner," as we called it, where a road came in from the east to join the main road. The Temperance Hall is still there, and is said to be one of the first of its kind in North America. Meetings were held there quite regularly, and it was used for "pie socials" and for local and travelling play performances.

It was only a short walk to the "shore," and I loved to take that walk. The Beaver River, only a broad stream, empties into the Bay of Fundy, which is really open ocean there, and a dike had been built that held the fresh water back from where it emptied into the surf. We used to swim there in the river, and in the ocean as well, although the latter was awfully cold. There is a tidal rise and fall of twenty feet or so along that shore, and so at low tide we had a long and hard sand beach. A lot of local men brought their horses to race on it -- and later, cars as well. A lot of wood washed ashore, and we had many wonderful bonfires on the rocks, roasting corn and potatoes, and steaming clams. We often made fish chowder for our picnics -- and always had a sing. There were also two long piers there in those days. I loved to go out on the longer one during and after a storm, as the waves were blown up. It was a sight!

In winter, our house was kept warm by a large range in the kitchen, and a constant coal fire burning in a "base burner" in the sitting/living-room. Off the kitchen, in a room with a southern entrance, we had a pump by a sink, and in the kitchen itself a large tank on the stove, so we had plenty of hot water. Dad had a large hogshead barrel at the end of one porch platform, which gave us lots of soft rain-water anytime, and we had a huge wooden tub painted green and white inside, in which we bathed. Dad had boardwalks built to the small barn, the wood-shed, and the privy -- a "three-seater." A lovely smelling honeysuckle bush flowered by the privy door, and many little humming-birds were always around it in summer -- so lovely to watch.

Fred and I each had our own small room. I remember particularly the coloured-glass window in mine. The western sun shone in all afternoon -- such beautiful colours on my white painted dresser and four-poster bed. I recall as a very little girl, brother Fred playing his mouth organ as he lay in bed before going to sleep; it sounded so good as he played under the quilts.

We had both an organ and a piano in our living-room and Mom had them tuned alike, so that Fred and I could play together. He could play anything anyone asked for, but I had to have the music. I read notes readily though, which stood me in good stead as I grew older and began to play in the church. Even with all our playing and singing, it was a delightful surprise when Dad brought home a phonograph with cylinder records. What a lovely choice of songs and orchestral music we had then.

In our parlour, Mother had a collection of small souvenirs -- miniature rickshaws, gunboats, etc. -- on a whatnot shelf in a corner, which I had to dust. I wasn't too interested in them and hurried to get it done. She also collected teapots from everywhere she went. Dad had a cabinet made, covering all one wall of our dining-room, and it was filled with teapots of all sizes, colours and shapes. With no gas or electricity, we used oil lamps and we had all sizes. It was also one of my jobs to care for them, fill them with kerosene, clean the wicks and shine the chimneys. One parlour lamp was really elegant, and some of the floor lamps had colourful globes with brass stands. They also had mantles which had to be handled very carefully as they were fragile, but they gave a lovely soft glow, like electricity now, whereas our regular kerosene lamps gave off a yellowish, pale light. Many an hour I studied and read by them.

Mother had also brought home some lovely kimonas from Japan. They were beautifully embroidered with bright colours and she enjoyed wearing them in the evenings at home. She bought and sewed silks and other things as well. On one of the long sea voyages she had purchased bolts of unbleached muslin, "factory cotton" as they called it then, and made sheets and pillow cases, all hemstitched by hand. We used them in Beaver River and they lasted for many years: from the far-off Orient to a little house on the Bay of Fundy.

Dad brought eggs and butter from our store in Salmon River, and we got milk from an old couple in our village who kept cows. Mother did all our baking. Flour was bought in barrels, sugar in firkins, and molasses in jugs. Mom had a bread-mixer and she made her own yeast, which was kept in a jar, so we always had bread and rolls and our cookie jar was seldom empty. Dad went to Yarmouth fairly often, as his business required quite a bit of banking; he would stop at a candy factory just outside of town to get the chocolate candies Mother loved. When Mother went to

town, she always bought fruit -- oranges and bananas were a great treat, and we shared them with others back in the village. Mother used to send me with some to give to people who were ill, or just old and feeble.

Mom and Dad used to take pleasant trips with their friends, in their carriages and teams. One was an annual cherrying expedition to the Annapolis Valley, which we spoke of as "The Land of Evangeline." They enjoyed the scenery and the stay overnight, as well as the picking, returning home refreshed and happy, and with lots of cherries; I've never tasted any as good. Another trip was to a place in Hebron where they served the most delicious turkey, duck and chicken dinners. Mother was quite often chosen as a delegate from the church Ladies' Aid group to attend conventions, and Dad would sometimes go with her; they made many new friends outside the area that way.

I remember one grand trip that I had in 1910. Uncle Fred and Aunt Fanny took me to New York City. He was asked to captain a fleet of barges carrying plaster from Windsor, Nova Scotia to New York. What a wonderful experience it was for me! I saw my first musical comedy at the Hippodrome on Broadway -- but not quite all of it, as Uncle Fred got bored and wouldn't stay, much to Aunt Fanny's and my disgust. We were anchored off Staten Island and so went into the city a number of times. I shall never forget the ferry rides and the three-piece musical group on board. I remember too that we visited the famous old Sailors' Home there on Staten Island.

We always had things to do at home, though. In winters we skated on a small lake nearby, with "strap-on" skates. Our feet would get numb with the cold, and after skating it was torture to walk home over the frozen hubbles of ground, as the circulation in our feet started up again. We often built bonfires close by the ice. The boys also had ice-boats, usually homemade, and once in a while they went through the ice. We went sledding and tobagganing as well. I can remember working to pull a large tobaggan up a hill, sometimes with help from a horse or an ox, and then flying down the hill again, over and over of an evening.

We also took sleigh rides with our horses when we had a lot of snow. The jingle bells on the harness were very much a part of it. With our fur coats, fur lap-robes and, on a very long trip, hot bricks or stones at our feet, we seemed to float musically along. Sometimes, in a wet snow that caked easily, Dad would have to remove the balls of snow that collected

on the horses' hooves, so as not to have it painful when they stepped out. In the evenings, Mother would have lamps in all the windows. The stars and moon were really appreciated in those days. I learned a lot from Dad about the North Star, the Dippers, and the "Milkmaid's Path." Our northern lights were so beautiful on a clear, cold night. Such colours! With parties and candy pulls and church socials, we always seemed to be well entertained in winter.

As spring came, the "banking" around the house -- boughs piled against the foundation to offer some protection from the cold Bay of Fundy winds -- was cleared away. The cellar doors were opened up to let in the fresh, warmer air, as that was where all our stores were kept -- pork in a barrel, vegetables, apples and preserves. Wagon salesmen began travelling through the area with a variety of knick-knacks, and the local Indians came around selling all shapes and kinds of baskets they had made during the winter. The twenty-fourth of May, Queen Victoria's birthday, was the beginning of summer activities and we had picnics and trips "in back" to the lakes. We also went "mayflowering," and Mother used to get me to pick the lovely forget-me-nots that grew in the ditch along the road to the shore. They were beautiful -- soft blues and pinks -- and she displayed them by our front door in pots she had brought from China and Japan.

Both Fred and I were of school age in those years, although he soon went away to an academy for a pre-med course (he went on later to McGill and got his M.D.). We had quite a walk to school, and I can remember some heavy snowstorms in those winters, when the snow drifted into banks as high as the telegraph wires and we walked right up alongside them. We took our lunches everyday, and I always had a supply of russet apples that I could exchange for just about anything I wanted. How good they were!

Ours was a two-room country school, although only one was used. The teacher had classes up to the ninth grade and really earned her salary. We had a number of different teachers. I remember one who always closed the door by using her "derrière," and another who seemed always to have too much saliva in her mouth; as she came to our desks to help with a problem, she would spray our slates that we used in those days. What odd memories remain of those childhood days at school.

One time a very handsome young man came to teach in place of his sister, who was ill. All the older girls were quite thrilled. One day he was

giving dictation to our beginning class -- the last words of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. Nelson had been wounded in the battle and was dying: "I am going fast, Hardy -- Kiss me, Hardy, it will be all over soon," the teacher read. We heard tittering from the older girls, but had to keep on writing. We soon knew why. As he read those words, one of the legs of his chair was close to the platform's edge, and he almost did a somersault as it slipped off!

I remember too that we had regular spots up in the trees around the school, in which to sit and eat our lunch in nice weather. Only once did anyone fall -- and he broke his arm. We used to watch an old crippled gentleman walk by every day, using two canes, and as he walked he constantly pushed stones off the road. We called him "the walking road-machine." On a bitter cold, snowy day one year, one of our classmates died of pneumonia. She had been to school just a little before, and it was an awful shock to us. So long ago.

Later on, I walked about two miles to high school in Port Maitland. It was the village just to the south of us. There was a small livery stable there, which was a great convenience for folks going to Yarmouth. There was a daily trip, and on stormy days they used an awful-looking covered wagon we called the "Black Maria." My friend Williva and I rode in it to take our provincial exams. It was crowded and we got the "giggles" as young girls do -- nervousness, I guess, because of the stiff tests we were going to take. Williva and I had great fun together.

There were so many nice people in our village that I came to know and love -- quite a few retired mariners, and such fun to hear them swap stories and experiences from all over the world. We had other interesting people as well. Among them was a semi-retired artist, Sophie (Durkee) Corning, who lived with her two sisters in a lovely house "in back." How I loved to visit there! The house was by a brook and a small pond, and had the most beautiful gardens. Inside the main house, the living-room walls were covered with paintings -- most of them hers. She was quite well known throughout the province.

We had some "characters," too. The man who ran the small store in our village was always telling his would-be customers that he was all out, but that "the packet was due soon." He never seemed to have what people wanted. The lady who distributed letters and cards from our post office was

typical, I guess: she read all she could and guessed a good deal more. Her husband was the blacksmith, and how interesting it was to watch him shoe a horse or an ox. Some of the farmers had teams of oxen for pulling heavy loads. When they were shod they had to be slung up in a canvas, so their feet were off the floor. The blacksmith was very near-sighted, wore thick glasses, and so had to peer very closely at the feet of the animal he was shoeing.

There was also an old fellow who hadn't been much of anywhere, but who was a great talker and always seemed to be gushing on about something. There were a number of stories about things he said. The best tale involved his excited announcement to everyone in 1917 that "Boston has gone to war!" Another quaint old gentleman who lived on the shore road claimed to have a plate in his head, put there after some injury. He used to tap his head and say, "Hear it ring?" There was also a somewhat strange woman who never mixed socially with the people of the village. She lived by herself and had a parrot. How I loved to be sent to her house on an errand, so I could hear the parrot talk. He had been taken to sea at some point in his life, and knew some choice words and phrases.

Dear Mr. Perry I knew only when I was quite young. Before he died, he was the postmaster in Salmon River and had his office in Dad's store. Mother often sent me in with hot soup or something good for his lunch. He was quite witty and full of stories, and always used to be "looking for his glasses," which were pushed up over his forehead. I think he did it purposely for my childish amusement, since it never failed to tickle me and I think he liked that. He made a lot of me in his quiet way, having only sons. I wonder if he ever knew I married his youngest boy.

My family were all staunch Christians. They attended the Baptist Church every Sunday, and Dad taught in the Sunday School. I can still hear him singing, "There is sunshine in my soul today," as he stropped his razor for a shave on Sunday morning. "The Old Rugged Cross" was another favourite of his. One of my aunts had a beautiful voice and there was a dear old lady who always asked her to sing "the swaller song," meaning the old hymn, "His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches over me." "Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love" was a Gullison family favourite and also "Haven of Rest," a sort of seaman's hymn. We were a singing family; Dad had six sisters and two brothers and they all sang well. Aunt Lila, the one with

the especially beautiful voice, sang with a quartet from our little village, and they performed on request in many places all over Nova Scotia and, on occasion, in the Tremont Temple in Boston.

We always had Bible reading and prayers on Sunday night, and some of those readings have been favourites of mine all my life. We had two negro families in our village; the children came to school, and their grandmother, known as "Aunt Massey," came to prayer meetings quite regularly. She was completely blind and her daughter guided her. How beautifully she sang the hymns and testified as well -- quite different from the old fellow, who came only once in awhile; he sat by the pot-bellied stove and spat tobacco juice onto it, which made a sizzling noise, so loud in the quiet of the meeting!

My paternal grandparents lived nearby in a lovely old large house on a small hill and how I loved going up there. Grandma, as I knew her, was never well. She usually sat in a big rocking chair in their bay window, which was beautifully filled with the most gloriously-coloured geraniums. Grandfather lived into his nineties, a fine but often cantankerous old gentleman. He was a strict, stern husband and father, an "iron man on a wooden ship." Mom said of him, "One couldn't imagine what he would be like if he didn't have religion." He attended church, a staunch supporter, and always testified in prayer meetings -- at length, but good. I can see him now, coming into service and walking to his pew up front: a fine-looking man with white hair and a Vandyke beard, just as white, a gray "swaller-tailed" suit, white shirt, and a red bow-tie; he always wore well-brushed but squeaky shoes, much to my childish embarrassment.

All the Gullison girls were full of merriment and were wonderful cooks. At holiday meals, we sat around a laden table while Grandpa kept us youngsters on pins and needles as he gave his very lengthy blessings. There was always a huge tree in their parlour at Christmas, trimmed with little wax candles which snapped onto the tree, and with popcorn and cranberries, all homemade. The gifts were very simple and the get-togethers ended with a good sing as always, accompanied by an aunt on the organ.

Grandpa had a couple of horses. One was a small one called "Nancy," and how he loved to harness her into his two-wheeled gig and "try her out." He rolled in that gig as though he were standing on the bridge of his ship, rolling with the sea. The other was a heavy horse, "Jimbo," that he used for the little farming he did.

Dad kept a horse too; "Bob," his name was. I learned very young to care for him; I harnessed and curried and brushed him. I can remember on stormy mornings riding to school in our gig, with Bob's tail tied up in a braid to keep it out of the slush or mud. When the trollies (electric street cars) came to Yarmouth and we drove there with Bob, I can remember how frightened he was of them. I remember too, stopping at the marvellous big iron horse-fountain at Milton Corner to let Bob have a drink. Often when I was driving with Dad from the store in Salmon River, and Uncle Frank was leaving for home at the same time, they would "try out the speed" of their horses. It was fun and they both had good, fast animals.

In later years they both bought cars, but they weren't very good drivers. Dad gave up when his fur-coat sleeve caught and shot the gas lever forward and he almost went through the garage door. Uncle Frank kept at it but made some bad errors, such as driving with the brake on. My Uncle Fred was just as bad, and all three agreed that they could stand at the helm of a ship with more ease than they could drive one of those "new-fangled things."

It all seems so long ago, yet some things have remained with me as though they happened yesterday. It was all very different then. Automobiles, electricity, radio and television have changed things so -- and probably for the better. Yet, life was simpler then, values were clearer, and people did more themselves. As I watch the young folks growing up today and I reflect back on those years, I don't think I would change places with them.

"By fortune wounded": Loyalist Women in Nova Scotia

Beatrice Ross Buszek

In 1888, the Reverend T. Watson Smith read a paper at the Nova Scotia Historical Society, in which he said:

> Erroneously, we have come to use the term Loyalist as a masculine appellation only. Let us be just. In the sorrow and sadness of that wonderful exodus. . . the larger part by far must have fallen to the lot of our Loyalist foremothers.[1]

These eloquent words had little effect. Until the American Bicentenary, few historians British, American or Canadian showed an interest in the Loyalists, and none were particularly interested in the case of the disrupted lives of their wives, mothers, daughters or sisters. The first and only collective examination of Loyalist women was an article in 1976, nearly one hundred years after Reverend Smith's reminder, and two hundred years after the American Revolution. It was written not by a Canadian, but by a history professor at Cornell University, Mary Beth Norton, who took an in-depth look at a sample of Loyalist women, focusing on the economic relationship between husband and wife in the pre-war eighteenth-century colonial household.[2]

Such loss of place in history is not, of course, unique to Loyalist women. Their case provides but another example of the traditional failing of historians, who have tended to ignore women as if their lives did not have historical significance.[3] Notwithstanding eighteenth-century common law and the social and political institutions of colonial life, it is arguable that women played an integral role during the War of Independence and that Loyalist women suffered unique stress; and furthermore, that the responses of individual women had an impact on the immediate family, the community, and the developing colony. Such an hypothesis does not lend itself to em-

1 Rev. T. Watson Smith, "The Loyalists at Shelburne," in *Collections* of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, VII (1888), 62.

2 Mary Beth Norton, "Eighteenth-Century American Women in Peace and War; The Case of the Loyalists," in *William and Mary Quarterly*, 3rd. Ser., XXXIII (1976), 386-409.

3 See, among many publications on this topic, Bernice A. Carroll, ed., *Liberating Women's History* (Illinois, 1976); Marylee Stephenson, *Women in Canada* (Toronto, 1973); Margrit Eichler, "Towards a Sociology of Feminist Research in Canada," GROW Paper No. 6, OISE (Toronto, 1977).

pirical proof; therefore, the evidence will be presented here, and the reader urged to wrestle with it, drawing his or her own conclusions.

Prior to the rebellion, the life of a woman in the Thirteen Colonies was almost wholly devoted to personal relationships and the domestic sphere. Her world was her family, her home and her friends.[4] For such women, the Revolution was, at the least, a rude shock, and for many -- perhaps even most -- it was "an undeniably traumatic experience." [5]

Loyalist women formed a distinct group in colonial society because they were married to men who had opposed the Patriot cause. Defined by their husbands' political preference, the destiny of these women was indelibly shaped by the War for Independence. Perceived as a traitor by neighbours and rebel relations, the Loyalist woman was rudely severed from her roots, banished from her home, destitute, often separated from her husband, sometimes beaten and hungry, and then forced to flee, with or without children, into exile.

Although a few women married to Loyalists were able to juggle their allegiances and remain in their homeland, the majority of Loyalist women had no option other than exile. Among their surviving documents there is no talk of ideology, courage or enterprise; instead, the repeated themes are anxiety, despair, hopelessness, helplessness, betrayal, heartache -- and prayers for resignation and fortitude.[6] Loyalist women were non-political, reluctant refugees who hated the war and its disruptive influence on their lives. After the Peace of Paris, the documents suggest that those women who could stay in the homeland, did; those who could return later, did so as soon as possible; those who had no alternative but to remain in exile, did so with homesick hearts.

Archival holdings on the male Loyalists who came to Nova Scotia are many and varied, but documents by or about the women who accompanied them are almost non-existent; the scarcity of documents is, in itself,

4 See Carol Ruth Berkin, *Within the Conjuror's Circle: Women in Colonial America* (General Learning Press, 1974); Nancy F. Cott, *The Bonds of Womanhood: Woman's Sphere in New England, 1780-1835* (New Haven, 1977), Chapter 5; Mary Beth Norton, *Liberty's Daughters: The Revolutionary Experience of American Women 1750-1800* (Boston, 1980), pp. 126-132.

5 Norton, "Eighteenth-Century American Women."

6 *Ibid.*

a reflection of the bleak society of exile. The most fruitful primary source is the 281 volumes of Loyalist Claims held in London at the Public Record Office.[7] Although it is known that the majority of expatriates lost property, profession and place in the homeland, only a small percentage of the refugees presented claims to the British government. Of the 3225 memorials finally tendered, 468 were submitted by Loyalist women. As Mary Beth Norton has noted,

> It is entirely possible that loyalist families differed demographically and economically, as well as politically, from their revolutionary neighbours, and it is highly probable that the refugee claimants did not accurately represent even the loyalist population, much less that of the colonies as a whole. Nonetheless, the 468 claimants included white women of all descriptions, from every colony and all social and economic levels; they were educated and illiterate, married, widowed, single, and deserted; rural and urban, wealthy, middling, and poverty-stricken. Accordingly, used with care, the loyalist claims can tell us much. . . .[8]

Another valuable primary source used is the British Headquarters papers, containing a further 162 petitions from 130 women residing in New York during the years 1779 to 1783.[9] These petitions were presented by women who described themselves as being in desperate straits and in need of immediate aid. Some were widowed, but all were alone, with at least three or four children; approximately 61% of the sample had children with them. It is difficult, however, to make safe statements about the composition of these Loyalist families, as we do not know the women's ages. The picture is further skewed when we consider that it was not uncommon for boys to enter the army at the tender age of twelve. One might reasonably expect that the younger Loyalist families were composed mainly of girls and

7 In 1783 a commission was set up by the British Parliament to process memorials by Loyalists seeking compensation for property and possessions confiscated by rebels. See Mary Beth Norton, *The British-Americans: The Loyalist Experience in England, 1774-1789* (Boston, 1972), pp. 185-223 for an explanation of the commission and the petitions presented.

8 Norton, "Eighteenth-Century American Women."

9 British Headquarters Papers, MG23, B1, National Archives of Canada [herafter NAC].

young boys. Such families by their nature added to the burden of the distressed Loyalist mother.

Another aspect of the petitions is their potential class bias. Only 35% actually give evidence of a more privileged background, yet 59% of the 130 petitions were signed. In the eighteenth century, a signature was the symbol of literacy, and so-called literate women made up about 40% of the overall population.[10]

In addition to these petitions and memorials, an assortment of journals, diaries, letters and related papers were also read for the purposes of this article.[11] Together, they provide an unexcelled picture of the lives of Loyalist women before the Revolution, in the midst of the horrors of war, and during the exodus which followed. As limited as the evidence may be in relative numbers of extant documents, we now know how some women felt, because they have told us in their own words, over and over again -- and their words carry conviction.

Theoretically, if that is how women perceived themselves or their situation, if that is how they said they felt, then that is their reality, their truth, affecting each part of their lives.[12] Nevertheless, we have too often been deterred from social inquiry, afraid to interpret the lives of women who lived two centuries ago, leaving merely a shadow before us. This dilemna had kept doors closed for too long when, as a point of fact, neither can we assume that we have an understanding of the social reality of women in the twentieth century, just because we happen to live in it.

What then do we know or believe about Loyalist women? They left the home of their birth or of their choice and, as is true of all civil wars, the parting was "in bad blood" ; according to one historian, this was the "profoundest depth of the Revolution." [13] The women examined in this paper

10 Kenneth A. Lockridge, *Literacy in Colonial New England* (New York, 1974), pp. 38-42, 57-58.

11 The research was based on materials included in the *Union List of Manuscripts in Canadian Repositories* (Ottawa, 1975-76), 2 vols., and in MG23 ("Late Eighteenth-Century Papers") and MG9 ("Provincial, Local and Territorial Records"), NAC.

12 Robert Brodie MacLeod, *The Persistent Problems of Psychology* (Pittsburg, 1975), pp. 5, 15.

13 A.R.M. Lower, *From Colony to Nation* (Toronto, 1946), pp. 77, 84, 113-120.

came to the wilderness of Nova Scotia, where all transportation was by water, except for a rough road between Halifax and Annapolis, and a trail from Halifax to Truro. They left the Thirteen Colonies, where great centres of culture spread from Boston to Charleston, and where Harvard University was already 150 years old.[14] They came to the "Fourteenth Colony," where there was not even an organized system of elementary education. As harsh as such differences were, however, the documents suggest that the critical element that made exile nearly unbearable, was the psychological state of the Loyalist women long before they arrived. They came to the bleak shores of exile, sharing the sentiment expressed by one war-weary woman who said, "Alas, the wilderness is within." [15] And so begins the evidence of the case for the Loyalist foremothers.

Predominant among the psychological burdens carried into exile by these women was a double sense of betrayal. As mentioned earlier, until the American Bicentenary, the Loyalists had low priority as a research topic. Such neglect had begun even before the Revolution ended: the British government, for whom the Loyalists had given their all, began to depreciate their sacrifice even before the banishment. Consider the psychological implications of such betrayal for a Loyalist woman who had lost almost everything meaningful in life, for the sake of her husband's principles. Sarah Winslow, from Massachusetts, summed it up well: "Was there ever an instance. . .where such a number of the best of human beings were deserted by the government they have sacrificed their all for? " [16]

Polly Dibblee, whose husband cut his throat soon after arrival in exile, lamented that she had been left in a "Calamatous Situation," rendering her miseries "Compleat in this World." Polly was a strong woman, who felt she could have borne the "Burdens of Loyalty" with fortitude, if not for the attitude of the British government, which neglected the refugees, whose "distress was beyond all possible description," and who had "suffered every-

14 Thomas J. Wertenbaker, *The Golden Age of Colonial Culture* (New York, 1949), p. 140.

15 Norton, *Liberty's Daughters*, p. 199.

16 Sarah Winslow to Benjamin Marston, 10 Apr. 1783, in W.O. Raymond, ed., *Winslow Papers, A.D. 1776-1826 (reprinted Boston, 1972)*, p. 79.

thing but that of dying" for Great Britain.[17] Throughout the rank and file, there is evidence that other Loyalist women felt similarly betrayed by the mother country.

Such feelings went deep, carrying over to other generations and lending credence to the argument that such betrayal may have been even more hurtful psychologically than the war itself. As late as 1854, Joseph Howe, the son of a Loyalist, contended that England had more respect for the "successful rebellion" of the Yankees than for the "devoted loyalty" of the expatriates.[18] Loss of love, respect or support is made the more harsh when it is a mother who is perceived as not protecting her own. We do not know to what extent Loyalist women dwelt on this sense of betrayal by Great Britain. Indeed, their lives were in such a state of crisis that every conscious thought and act was no doubt directed towards survival and the preservation of whatever dignity they could muster. Nevertheless, the seeds of disenchantment took root.

The second level of betrayal was grounded in the concept of marriage and its implications for the Loyalist wife. By English common law, a woman's property became her husband's, and thus she tended to lose her identity as an individual. She was as if absorbed within the marriage bond.[19] It was not unusual, then, for an eighteenth-century woman to be defined politically by her husband's convictions, and to labour under the assumption that he would protect her with at least the concern he had for his property. Indeed, letters and wills written by Loyalist men confirm that there were many who both professed and showed such devotion to and concern for their partners. In return, the woman was expected to put wifely duty first, and to cast her lot with him and his life. Loyalist women, like their former countrywomen, played out the script all the way, to the tents and cabins in the wilderness of another country.

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17 *Polly Diblee to William Jarvis, Nov. 1787, quoted in Wallace Brown, The Good Americans: The Loyalists in the American Revolution* (New York, 1969), p. 207.

18 Joseph Howe, *Speeches and Public Letters of Joseph Howe*, ed. Joseph Chisholm (Halifax, 1909), II, 281.

19 Richard B. Morris, "Women's Rights in Early American Law," in *Studies in the History of American Law* (New York, 1930), pp. 126-200.

Loyalist women blamed the British government, but they also blamed their husbands, even reluctantly, for their altered lives. How did they deal with the consequent conflict that an eighteenth-century woman would feel? We can assume that most women cared for their husbands and understood their reluctant decision to join the army or to flee outright; women might have encouraged husbands in such decisions, yet still be resentful at being left unprotected. We know that in these circumstances, some women found subtle ways to lay guilt on their husbands, under the guise of other words.

One such woman was Catherine Van Cortlandt, who was left in charge of nine children and a huge estate, the latter taken over almost immediately by the rebels. Four letters written by Catherine to her husband provide insight into the wide range of experiences and feelings that tempered this woman, whose high station in life doubtless increased her anxiety.[20] In one letter, she directly reminded her husband of "the wounds received in your behalf, for those principles of loyalty which alone induced you to leave to the Mercy of the Rebels nine innocent children and your fond and ever affectionate wife." As well, she repeatedly emphasized that their children -- "the innocent pledges of our mutual love" -- were suffering for his principles. She, too, suffered greatly, and was as upset by the insults as by the hunger and deprivation. The fickle neighbours they had once befriended now treated her with rudeness; farmers were forbidden to offer provisions to "the Tory bitch" ; the children were without shoes; and in her once-elegant mansion, "rebel Officers danced Reels with some tawdry dressed females. . .among them the colonel's housekeeper."

In recounting such incidents of status loss and political stress, Catherine either openly or between the lines, reminded her husband over and over that it was through no fault of hers that she and their children now suffered. The Van Cortlandts, however, were more fortunate than most Loyalist families, since their social position in the colonies gained them special consideration, despite the harsh experiences described by Catherine. After a short time in Nova Scotia after the war, the family settled in England. This happier ending, however, should not diminish the reality of the initial

20 H.O.H. Vernon Jackson, "A Loyalist's Wife: Letters of Mrs. Philip Van Cortlandt, December 1776 to February 1777," in *History Today*, XIV (1964), 475-480.

reproach Catherine felt towards the circumstances of revolution, nor the subtle costs of such pervasive anxiety as she demonstrated.

Loyalist women alone with children prior to the peace were the ones who suffered most. With husbands absent for between one and seven years, such women rarely were able to maintain house and property. In the typical scene, everything was confiscated within hours by the rebels, and the wife and children were turned out to the mercy of the elements and the neighbours, few of the latter daring to show comfort. Indeed, many entire communities were hostile to the perceived traitors: yesterday's friends and relatives.

Soon after her husband left, Sarah Church was attacked by a mob, who "broke open the house, pillaged and destroyed everything it contained, not leaving her a change of cloaths, not even a bed for her children to lie on." [21] Mary Munro described herself as being "in a poor state of health and very much distrest. . . my own relatives are my greatest enemys. . . I have scarcely a mouthful of bread for myself or childer. . . you can have no idea of our sufferings here. . . my heart is so full it is ready to break." [22]

The chances of survival for such outcasts were slim. Wartime shortages and high prices, plus the excessive taxes and fees imposed on the wives of absent Loyalists, made a normal existence difficult.[23] One young girl wrote in her diary that her parents were separated seven years without a word, and that the rebels had confiscated everything that could be removed from the house and barn.[24] The crime rate increased with each year of fighting, and Elizabeth DeLancey wrote that the war caused her great distress, and that the "apprehensions" and "repeated shocks of large Partys of armed Men"

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21 Loyalist Claim in Audit Office [hereafter AO] 13, Vol. 73, pp. 320-321, Public Record Office, London [hereafter PRO].

22 Undated petition in Haldimand Papers, British Library Add. MSS. 21, 874, fol. 32; mfm. and transcripts [B.214] at NAC.

23 Elizabeth Commetti, "Women in the American Revolution," in *New England Quarterly*, XX (Sept. 1947), 329-346.

24 "The Narrative of Hannah Ingraham [1772-1869]." Typescript edited by R.P. Gorham, June 1933, Folder 12, New Brunswick Museum; original in NAC. See Catherine S. Crary, ed., *The Price of Loyalty. Tory Writings from the Revolutionary Era* (New York, 1973), pp. 401-403, 460; Vertical File, Box 4, No. 15, Public Archives of Nova Scotia [hereafter PANS].

breaking into the house at night were "too much for her age." [25] In another instance, Phoebe Ward wrote her husband that she had "suffered almost Everything but death itself in your long absens pray Grant me spedy Releaf or God only knows what will be com of me and my frendales children." [26]

After the Treaty of Paris, some Loyalist women elected not to accompany or join their husbands in exile or, in some cases, especially if widowed, not to leave their rebel families. Theirs was a difficult position, and such an option was open to only a small fraction of women. We know, for instance, that Cordelia, wife of the Tory poet Joseph Stansbury, did not join him in Nova Scotia. He wrote her a poem, "To Cordelia," and in the last verse we read the inducements he offered her. One cannot but wonder whether Stansbury was serious about wanting her to join him in Annapolis Royal, or whether he was just being truthful about the harsh conditions there:

> If so far humbled that no pride remains/
> But most indifference which way flows the stream/
> Resign'd to penury, its cares and pains;/
> And hope has left you like a painted dream;/
> Then here, Cordelia, bend your pensive way,/
> And close, the evening of Life's wretched day./[27]

The majority of the women quoted in this article, however, came on to Nova Scotia, and in varying degrees of distress. Mary Driskill was "in a very Disconsolate Condition" ; [28] Hannah Watson was in the "deepest Distress Misery and Indigence" ; [29] and Jerusha Miller's husband had left her in a state of extreme poverty and at "nearly the time of her lying in with a third and without a home, money or friend." [30] Patience Johnston

25 Letter of Elizabeth DeLancey, Aug. 1782, in British Headquarters Papers, p. 5216, NAC.

26 Quoted in Wallace Brown, *The King's Friends* (Providence, 1965), p. 79.

27 Joseph Stansbury, "Verses to the Tories," in Winthrop Sargent, ed., *Loyal Verses of the Revolution* (Pennsylvania, 1850), pp. 22, 23.

28 Petition, 27 Nov. 1779, in British Headquarters Papers, p. 2452A, NAC.

29 Petition, 12 Dec. 1781, in *ibid.*, p. 9940.

30 Petition, 22 Aug. 1780, in *ibid.*, p. 3336.

"elected to come to Nova Scotia" because she had "no hopes remaining" of being able to stay in her homeland.[31] Mary Barclay experienced the "Mortifications to part with three of her children who are gone to Nova Scotia." [32] Penuel Grant "fixed upon Annapolis Royal" as her destination, and stressed both her widowhood and her "Distress of Mind." [33] Jane Cayford felt "obliged to embark for N.S.," [34] and Mary McArthur said she came "against her will." [35]

Black women suffered the added indignity of their social and legal position in the colonies. Among the most poignant petitions was the one concerning Peggy Qwynn where, written on the back, was the notation: "As she is not a free woman, she must be delivered to her owner." [36] Another Black Loyalist, Judith Jackson, noted that her owner "stole my child from me and sent it to Virginia" ; she had earlier escaped her master, arriving behind the British lines, "Quite Naked." [37]

And so they came -- reluctantly, and with an array of unresolved bitterness, hurt and disquiet, against Great Britain, husbands, rebels and fate. Sarah Winslow's words reflect their general state of mind:

> our fate seems now decreed, and we [are] left to mourn out our days in wretchedness. No other resource . . . but to submit to the tyranny of exulting enemys [*sic*] or settle a new country. . . .What is to become of us, God only can tell. In all our former sufferings we had hope . . . being deprived of that is too much.[38]

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31 Petition, 17 Sept. 1783, in *ibid.*, p. 9153.

32 Petition, 24 Sept. 1783, in *ibid.*, p. 9192.

33 Petition, 28 Aug. 1783, in *ibid.*, p. 8913.

34 Petition, 23 Aug. 1783, in *ibid.*, p. 8796.

35 Petition, 9 Sept. 1783, in *ibid.*, p. 9071.

36 Petition, 19 Nov. 1783, in *ibid.*, p. 9565.

37 Petition, 18 Sept. 1783, in *ibid.*, p. 9158.

38 Raymond, *Winslow Papers*, pp. 78-79.

It seems appropriate here to suggest a paradigm within which the psychological state of these Loyalist women can be viewed. It seems obvious that every Loyalist woman felt some degree of ambiguity as the war years created a widening disparity between the past and the present. Every female refugee experienced status incongruity, expressed in the loss of such highly valued attributes as social position, affluence, occupational prestige (probably that of her husband), marital status, or the status that is linked to an habitual social or economic position, even though it might be at the lower rung of the socio-economic ladder.[39]("Status incongruity" can also be felt in a sudden burst of upward mobility.[40])

Theoretically, such a loss produces considerable strain and, indeed, depersonalization, as the individual is stripped of his or her previous guarantees of self-esteem. If we can say that the Loyalist women brought with them a free-floating kind of fear and anxiety over their loss of place in society,[41] whan can we say about the impact of the overall experience of banishment and exile?

Along the rocky coast of Nova Scotia the ships anchored, and the refugees came ashore to such spots as Shelburne, Annapolis Royal, Digby, Saint John, Parrsboro and Guysborough. When Ludwig Fisher's wife arrived in Saint John, she found everything in confusion, some living in log houses, some building huts and many living in tents. It was early October and "snow fell on the 2nd of November to a depth of six inches. We pitched our tents in the woods and tried to cover them with spruce boughs. How we lived

39 There is an abundance of literature on the psychological stress of social change and crisis, and particularly on the relationship between wartime experience and psychiatric disorder. See, for example, R. Bendix and Seymour M. Lipset, eds., *Class, Status and Power*, 2nd. ed. (New York, 1966), pp. 303-307; Roy Grinker and John Spiegal, *Men Under Stress* (Philadelphia, 1945); Joseph E. McGrath, ed., *Social and Psychological Factors in Stress* (New York, 1970); and Srole et al., in *Mental Health in the Metropolis* (1962), p. 171, in which they discuss findings that women are psychologically more vulnerable than men.

40 W.O. Raymond, "The Founding of Shelburne. Benjamin Marston at Halifax, Shelburne and Miramichi," in New Brunswick Historical Society *Collections*, VIII (1909), 219, entry for 9 June 1783: many Loyalists were made "*gentlemen* and their wives and daughters *ladies*, whom neither nature nor education intended for that rank."

41 William James, *Principles of Psychology* (New York, 1902), p. 302.

through that awful winter I hardly know." Many women and children apparently died from exposure, and "strong proud men wept like babies." [42]

Even in an older settlement like Annapolis Royal, conditions were trying. The 120 inhabitants of the town were increased within a year to a population in 1784 of 1500, plus a disbanded regiment. Not a building stood equal to that of a "middling farmer in New England." The Reverend Jacob Bailey, attainted Loyalist and Church of England cleric, described in 1783 the landing of the first refugees:

> In affecting circumstances, fatigued with a long and stormy passage, sickly, and destitute of shelter from the advances of winter which are now commencing in all their horrors. . . . Several hundred are stowed in our Church, and larger numbers are still unprovided for. . . . Near four hundred of these miserable exiles have perished in a violent storm, and I am persuaded that disease, disappointment, poverty and chagrin will finish the course of many more before the return of another spring.[43]

Ponder Reverend Bailey's words: not only "disease" and "poverty," but at least equally important in his mind were the psychological elements, "disappointment" and "chagrin." Such feelings were also prevalent among many immigrant families, although without the deeper sense of betrayal and persecution. Captain John MacDonald, who often said he was in the position of a Loyalist, wrote regularly to his two sisters, one of whom he constantly chided to be in "better disposition" ; in one letter, he wrote, "for Heaven's sake keep up your Spirits Nelly." In another he lost patience: "I should like to have a letter from you wrote calmly. . .you are so gloomy and discontented even in your stile [*sic*] that it makes my flesh shrink — Is this the devotion and Christianity you boast of? " Nelly's mood may not

42 Genealogy of Ludwig Fisher family; originals in possession of V. Bridges, Fredericton.

43 William S. Bartlet, *The Frontier Missionary: A Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Jacob Bailey* (Boston, 1853), pp. 195-196.

have been lifted when her brother ended by sending love to sister Peggy, "whose calm resigned Spirit I admire." [44]

A strain of resignation runs through the words of the women refugees, and such a spirit was reinforced by those who lamented "the poor Suffering Loyalists" ;[45] one wife in Shelburne said she would "rather be envied than pitied." [46] Even before leaving their homeland, we know that at least some Loyalist women knew the fate that was wished on them. One newspaper in 1779 wrote, "let them drink the cup of slavery and eat the bread of bitterness all the days of their existence." [47] Burdened with such a prophecy and with no control over their destiny, the Loyalist women may have been irreparably maimed for the later adaptations demanded of them. Many did survive, although the costs involved have not been recorded. Reverend Bailey spoke for the singular psychological position of the refugees when he conjectured that it was one thing to quit one's homeland readily,

> but when they are expelled by faction, or legal authority, the case is extremely different. Our pride is alarmed, restraint embitters us and we leave with reluctance and aversion, and the uncertainty of a return.[48]

Most of the Loyalist élite lived in Halifax, but under greatly altered conditions from their previous existence, having lost everything except a small pension. Edward Winslow wrote his wife that he was deeply touched by the number of "old crippled Refugees, men and women who have seen better days," now reduced to begging in the streets.[49]

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44 Captain John MacDonald to Nellie MacDonald, 4 Sept. 1783, in MacDonald Papers, Public Archives of Prince Edward Island. Throughout these lengthy letters there are frequent references to gloomy moods and complaints.

45 Thomas Millidge to Gideon White, 4 Sept. 1784. White Papers, MG1, Vol. 948, No. 310, PANS.

46 Thomas Millidge to Charles Whitworth, 4 Sept. 1784. *Ibid.*, No. 311.

47 *The Pennsylvania Packet*, 5 Aug. 1779, quoted in Frank More and Peter Decker, eds., *Diary of the American Revolution from Newspapers and Original Documents* (reprinted New York, 1969), I.

48 Bartlet, *Frontier Missionary*, p. 190.

49 Edward Winslow to Mrs. Winslow, 25 Sept. 1784, in Raymond, *Winslow Papers*, p. 233.

The surviving papers of the Byles family, prominent Boston/Halifax Loyalists, provide in-depth information about those early years in the capital.[50] They reveal that at least among the so-called élite, marriage and family continued to be the focus of their existence, regardless of how their lives had otherwise been changed by the Revolution. In Annapolis Royal, Reverend Bailey echoed their sentiments, saying that "marriage is all the rage in Nova Scotia," and recounting how he would travel on horseback around the countryside, performing two mass marriages a year.[51]

As might be expected, the refugees tended to marry and remarry other Loyalists, creating pseudo-bonds of kinship in exile. The average life span for a Loyalist woman in Nova Scotia in 1784 was 38 years; having married at 23, she could expect to have borne seven children, four of whom might, with luck, live to adulthood.[52] We know too that the women worried about their own precarious hold on life, and particularly about their children, and who would later care for them -- perhaps "a stranger to them and [one] who would probably never feel for them the affection of a mother." Mary Bliss, writing a few months before her death, noted that:

> I never yet have been absent from my children a single night. . . . How soon the final separation may take place I cannot tell, it is an event to which I never expect to be reconciled but to which I know I must submit. May God grant us all at that moment resignation to his will.[53]

Living conditions were dismal for the Loyalists. Within Nova Scotia, they drifted from one dreary settlement to another. Edward Winslow moved from Halifax to a two-room log house in Granville, outside Annapolis Royal, with his wife, five sons, six daughters, a widowed mother and three unmarried sisters. They called the house "Mount Necessity" ; their relatives in America referred to them as "Adam and Eve" ; and Winslow himself wrote,

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50 Byles Family Papers, MG1, Vols. 163, 164A (transcripts), PANS.

51 Bartlet, *Frontier Missionary*, p. 190.

52 Sample taken from Shelburne records, 1784. See also, Robert V. Wells, *The Population of the British Colonies in America: A Survey of Census Data* (Princeton, 1975), pp. 317-318.

53 Mary Bliss to Frances Ames, 22 Mar. 1797 [letter commenced 13 Feb.], p. 7. MG1, Vol. 1607, No. 4, PANS.

"we are monstrous poor." He also expressed shame for his wife's altered life, and for the "mortifications" she had suffered on his account.[54] If the élite lived under such conditions, the majority of Loyalist women must have experienced suffering far greater than has been acknowledged, or can now be comprehended.

Earlier in this article, Sarah Winslow, sister of Edward, was quoted as saying that "in all our former sufferings we had hope. . . being deprived of that is too much." There was one area, however, where hope still remained: within the morass of war and exile, women still clung to the belief that their sacrifice and suffering would guarantee a better life for their offspring -- even though one mother would "sit down and cry for hours wondering how she would ever get her children educated." [55] The initial hope expressed for their children soon dimmed, however. Mothers reluctantly muted their expectations, and settled for a roof over their heads and food on the shelves, taking on the saving posture that "education is only for the idle rich anyway." [56] For those in isolated settlements or the wilderness, the majority of children received their only education at their mother's knee.

Loyalist women soon learned also that although proximate geographically, the new republic of the United States of America and the royal province of Nova Scotia were worlds apart culturally. As late as 1854, there was still only minimal educational opportunity in the developing province, and that whereas in the Republic the poorest man could rise to the highest national honours, the sons of the Loyalists could not.[57]

Theoretically, such a lowering of expectations is the result of an extreme degree of resignation. It has been posited that when a person cannot regain

54 Edward Winslow to Mrs. Winslow, 20 Sept. 1784, in Raymond, *Winslow Papers*, pp. 225-226. It is perhaps worthy of note that such concern did not extend to the rather regular ordeal of childbirth; Winslow expected his wife to play out her dutiful role in exile, and he confided to a friend that "My two annual comforts a child and a fit of the Gout return invariably," which made him "as happy as if the Devil had me." Winslow to Gregory Townsend, 17 Jan. 1793, in *ibid.*, p. 399.

55 James T. Talman, *Loyalist Narratives from Upper Canada* (Toronto, 1946), p. 293.

56 *Ibid.*

57 Chisholm, *Speeches and Letters*, II, 290.

something lost, or cannot achieve something desired, the common reaction is to develop an attitude that eases the tension, while energy is refocused into routine activity. Is it possible that the betrayed and thwarted Loyalist women took on an exaggerated work and duty routine -- that of serving others within their sphere, the family? It has also been noted that such a saving posture tends to result in rigid and compulsive behaviour and attitudes, and in a reliance on external authority. Such theoretical comment is, of course, highly speculative, but the socio-medical model may provide insights for further comparative research related to traumatic disruption and dislocation of the family in time and place.[58]

This article has presented an initial look at some aspects of the experience of Loyalist women who came to Nova Scotia. What has emerged is an, as yet, imperfect profile of a reluctant refugee who survived the vicissitudes of war and forced migration, but not without great cost. Even the words they used reflect their psychic conflict: "helpless," "distressed," "deserted," and without "hope." Somewhere along the way, such words and feelings were converted into another image: that of the stoic, long-suffering, self-sacrificial female who bore her unhappiness bravely, worked from dawn to dusk, fulfilled the words of the Scriptures, carried her lot in life without complaint, sought resignation and fortitude while denying her muted hopes and dreams, and attributed her destiny to Providence or Fate.

Otherwise, much of life in exile was an extension of earlier life in the colonies or on the frontier. The variant factor that made Loyalist women unique was the unrelenting and pervasive psychic stress of their war-wounded lives. Certainly their vulnerability was staggering, and only a miracle could have carried them through such experiences emotionally unscathed. As the social historian takes a deeper look at the dynamics on which the Loyalist family in Nova Scotia was based and held together, some of the sentimental mythology will be put aside.

Such sentiment probably served a purpose in the early years, however, when the common myth was to applaud the strength or survival of the

58 H.A. Murray et al., *Explorations in Personality* (New York, 1938), p. 307; and Abraham Kardiner, *The Psychological Frontiers of Society* (New York, 1945), pp. 369-370. See also, Franz Alexander et al., "A Preliminary Report on a Psychosomatic Study of Rheumatoid Arthritis," in *Psychosomatic Medicine*, 9 (1947), 295; there is strong evidence that, as the second image took shape, Loyalist women began to complain bitterly of their poor health, and particularly of rheumatic aches and pains.

family as the important factor, without acknowledging the unique costs and their consequences. Thus, the youngest son of a Loyalist family could describe with emotion, some seventy years later, the ideology of his family's exile:

> At the revolutionary struggle, the loyalists were driven seaward, they lost their homes, right or wrong, acting on their honest convictions; and I rejoice that, whether right or wrong, believing themselves right, they had the courage and enterprise. . . so to act. They sacrificed everything but their principles; their property was confiscated, and they cast their lot into a comparative wilderness.[59]

Perhaps it is now time to look with new eyes at the lives of these Loyalist women as they made their new homes in exile.

Social scientists are just beginning "to formulate the nature of the linkages between particular kinds of experiences. . .adaptive responses to these experiences and the many aspects of crisis and social disorganization" [60] that provide insights and questions for further reconstruction of Loyalist historiography. War, of course, is an extreme form of social crisis. Since a woman's life in the eighteenth century was almost wholly domestic, the case of the Loyalist woman and her potential role during the drama of revolution and exile takes on even greater historical significance.

There are no magic words to open the doors to the Loyalist past, yet the weight of the unknown decreases with each glimpse into the consciousness of even one Loyalist woman. Thus the search begins, seeking not just more evidence of the tragedy of her life, but a better understanding of the multiple factors that influenced her response to the tragedy, and the forces that encouraged her to deny the grim contours of her life and instead attribute them to the fickle smiles of Fate. Stansbury spoke for all Loyalist women when he wrote,

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59 Chisholm, *Speeches and Letters*, II, 281.

60 Norton, "Eighteenth-Century American Women," p. 404.

Come, ye brave, by Fortune wounded/
More than by the vaunting foe/
Chear your hearts, ne'er be confounded/
Trials all must undergo/
Tho' without Rhyme or Reason... .[61]

The story of the female expatriates is a tragedy. This distinct group of women, shaped in the crucible of colonial society, may well have been the most politically influenced group in the history of North American women. They did not exist until defined by a revolution and by the political principles of others, yet their destiny became part of the price of peace.

61 Stansbury, in *Loyal Verses*, p. 24.

The Last Voyage of the *Baltimore*

Donald F. Chard

Nova Scotia's lengthy coastline has witnessed many shipwrecks and marine disasters. Few of these incidents, however, have left as tangled a web as did the brigantine *Baltimore* when it dropped anchor at isolated Chebogue Harbour, between present-day Shelburne and Yarmouth, in December 1735.

Nova Scotia was still very much a frontier colony of the British Empire then. There were only two settlements in the province with significant English-speaking populations. One was the capital, Annapolis Royal; the other was Canso, then a largely seasonal New England fishing and trading centre, at the northeastern end of the province. Most of Nova Scotia's few thousand permanent residents were Acadians, who wanted nothing more than to be left alone by the French and English.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the presence of the *Baltimore* did not come to the attention of the authorities at Annapolis Royal until May 1736, when George Mitchell, a government surveyor, called at an Acadian village in the area while on government business. Among the Acadians he met a woman who called herself Susanna Buckler. She had a tragic tale for him.[1]

Susanna Buckler claimed to have been on a ship which sailed from Dublin, Ireland for Annapolis, Maryland the previous October, only to meet an unexpected fate in Nova Scotia. According to the woman, the vessel had run out of fresh water and put into Chebogue on 16 December 1735. Some of the crew went ashore in one of the ship's boats to melt snow for water. They returned without incident. Presumably weakened by their ordeal at sea, the ship's company stayed at Chebogue for the next two weeks to recover their strength and to replenish further the ship's water supply.

On 24 December, some servants again went ashore for water, but this time something happened. The servants did not return when called. At eleven o'clock two Indians appeared. They were invited to come aboard, but had no boat. They were told that the ship's boat was ashore, and would return at eight o'clock. It did not, and the servants were never seen again.

Without fresh water or the means to get it, according to Susanna, the crew sickened and died. At one time, ten crew members lay dead on deck.

1 Copy of George Mitchell's Declaration to the Governor and Council in Relation to the Brig Baltimore, sworn on 11 May 1736. Colonial Office, Series 217 [hereafter CO 217], Vol. 7, f. 180, Public Record Office, London.

Susanna's husband, Andrew, owner and master of the vessel, then built a small boat, using it to ferry the dead ashore, where they were then buried. Finally, Andrew Buckler died, leaving only Susanna and two sailors.

A few days afterwards, Susanna encountered more Indians. One of them, named Antoine, came aboard with his wife and brother and two children. Susanna claimed that they seized all the ship's firearms, got drunk on some cherry brandy they found, and plundered the vessel. In addition to Mrs. Buckler's jewellery, they seized over £1,500 in silver. They then forced Susanna to go with them; the two sailors were left behind, too ill or frightened to act. For several days, the Indians marched her from place to place. Finally they met some Acadians, who took Susanna to their village. It was not long afterwards that George Mitchell encountered her.

Mitchell attempted to investigate the situation, but learned little beyond what Mrs. Buckler told him. Some of the Acadians, however, visited the *Baltimore* while Mitchell was in the area. On their return, they informed him that someone had stripped the vessel, for which they blamed Jonathan Ridge, or Rich, a fisherman from Marblehead, Massachusetts. Mitchell himself checked the ship when he received this information. He found most of the rigging and all of the sails gone; none of the cargo was left, and there was no trace of the two sailors allegedly left behind.[2]

Not long after this, Mitchell sailed for Annapolis Royal with Mrs. Buckler, and conveyed her into the hands of the authorities there. Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence Armstrong and members of his Council interviewed the woman to obtain first-hand information about the tragedy.[3] Although they accepted her story for the most part, a few points aroused their suspicion. Mrs. Buckler claimed that most of the crew had died from a lack of fresh water, after the loss of the ship's boat. This surprised Armstrong and the Council members, who could not understand why the crew had not run the *Baltimore* onto the shore and gotten off in that manner. When questioned about "that seeming piece of indolence," Mrs. Buckler said that

2 *Ibid.* Ridge later denied to some Acadians that he had been on board the *Baltimore*. He said that he had found the ship's journal, with a letter, on a nearby island. The letter was addressed to someone in Boston, and Ridge had sent it on to that person. A.M. MacMechan, ed., *Original Minutes of His Majesty's Council at Annapolis Royal, 1720-1737* (Halifax, 1908), p. 351.

3 MacMechan, *Minutes of Council*, 14 May 1736, p. 339.

they had believed themselves near Piscataqua, New Hampshire, and likely to be rescued by some fishermen.

As for the story of the Indians having plundered the ship, that was easy to accept. During that period, the Micmac Indians were generally hostile to the English, and friendly towards the French at Louisbourg, from whom they received supplies and gifts. They had frequently attacked New England vessels on the coast of Nova Scotia over the previous twenty years. In 1715, for example, New Englanders had tried to develop a fishing base at Port Roseway (Shelburne), but hostility from Indians forced the abandonment of the enterprise. The organizer of the endeavour, a Boston merchant-mariner named Cyprian Southack, later claimed that the Indians had been given £200 from Governor Costebelle of Louisbourg to pillage the property and to kill Southack. Also in 1715, Indians at Cape Sable had seized some 27 New England fishing vessels; the Massachusetts government had to send two commissioners to negotiate the release of the boats.[4]

Understandably, Armstrong sent a letter of protest over this latest act of hostility at Chebogue to the Micmac chief nearest the scene of the *Baltimore* tragedy. He demanded restitution from the Indians.[5] Armstrong also sent a letter to Governor St. Ovide, at Louisbourg,[6] and dispatched a small party under Ensign Charles Vane to bring the *Baltimore* to Annapolis Royal. The vessel reached port by early June 1736.[7]

By this time, Armstrong had become rather testy about the affair, which was not unusual, since he was infamous for his temper. Early in his career in Nova Scotia, he had become so exasperated with a fellow officer that he had broken a large glass decanter over the man's head. On this present occasion, Armstrong directed his wrath at the Micmacs, the Acadians, and two Catholic priests who refused to aid his investigation of the *Baltimore* affair.

Early in July, the Council at Annapolis Royal questioned the chief of the Cape Sable Micmacs about the *Baltimore*. The Council asked him what

4 *Journals of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts*, I, 48, 58 (25 May 1715, 26 June 1715).

5 Armstrong to Acadians at Pobomcoup, 17 May 1736, RG1, Vol. 14, pp. 155-157, Public Archives of Nova Scotia [hereafter PANS].

6 Armstrong to St. Ovide, 17 May 1736. MacMechan, *Minutes of Council*, pp. 189-190.

7 Council Minutes, 7 June 1736. CO217, Vol. 7, f. 192.

had become of the vessel's guns and mainsail. The chief declared that two New England schooners had been there and were believed to have carried them off. He said that he had been at La Have when members of his tribe first discovered the ship, and claimed that he knew nothing of their having allegedly plundered it until he observed that they made "a better appearance as to their Cloaths [*sic*] than when he left them." He also found five dead bodies on the shore, which he buried.[8]

If Armstrong was frustrated by not being able to pin the blame for the tragedy on the Micmacs, he was even more vexed by his dealings with the priests. When he requested that one of them go to the area to recover plunder from the Indians, both priests said that they would have nothing to do with the affair. At this point, Armstrong informed them that in light of the contempt they displayed towards the government, he had a mind to send them to France. The priests reportedly replied with a laugh and, according to the Council minutes, "a most Haughty Insolent Air." [9] Then they left, slamming doors as they went. The Council ordered them out of the colony.

Only Armstrong's account of this altercation has survived, so its accuracy cannot be verified. The account may be exaggerated to some degree, but it is well known that the colony's Catholic priests, with strong ties to France, were often at odds with English authorities in Nova Scotia. Relating the incident in considerable detail in a letter to his superiors in England, Armstrong accused the priests of "audacious insolence," and expressed the hope that

> you will not only approve of my conduct in having sent them . . .out of this Province, but move H.M. to favour us with such particular Instructions as may be necessary to direct us how to manage and treat such priests, the refractory inhabitants and lawless savages, who for some time past have been so elated as seemingly to leave no manner of regard to any other their Treatys.[10]

8 MecMechan, *Minutes of Council*, 18 May 1736, pp. 187-188.

9 *Ibid.*, pp. 343, 344.

10 Armstrong to the Council of Trade and Plantations, 19 June 1736. *Calendar of State Papers, America and the West Indies*, 42 (1735-36), No. 340, p. 230.

Armstrong had also complained about the priests and the Indians in his letter to Governor St. Ovide, but he did not find him very sympathetic. Unlike Armstrong, St. Ovide was not prepared to take the unfortunate Mrs. Buckler at face value. He remarked that it was fortunate for her that no one remained on the *Baltimore* to enlighten Armstrong as to the truth. St. Ovide also suggested that "this woman is a wicked adventuress, and is perhaps guilty of dreadful crimes on this occasion. For is it possible that she alone could endure all the fatigues and ills which have caused the death of all the crew?"[11] Nevertheless, St. Ovide declared that he would do his best to recover the pilfered goods and discover the truth of the matter.

Meanwhile, the authorities at Annapolis Royal had sent men to Chebogue again, and some additional items were recovered from the Indians, including 66 indentures signed by the mayor of Dublin, twelve new wigs, and "a good many rags, both Mens and Womens. . . but no fine cloaths [*sic*], gold, silver or Jewels."[12] The indentures made it clear that there had been far more people aboard the *Baltimore* than the eighteen souls Mrs. Buckler had claimed.

Taken at face value, the existence of the indentures might have indicated that the vessel had merely carried immigrants to the colonies, people who signed papers agreeing to become servants for a certain number of years in exchange for their passage. The procedure was not uncommon. It was, however, also common for Dublin authorities eager to dispose of convicts to ship them to America with such papers. This way, colonies unwilling to accept convicts would think that they were receiving poor but law-abiding servants. The wigs were probably intended to give the convicts or "transports" a respectable appearance when they went ashore.[13]

England also used the colonies as a dumping ground for unwanted subjects in the eighteenth century, and not only convicts were subject to trans-

11 St. Ovide to Armstrong, 1 July 1736. *Ibid.*, p. 208.

12 New England *Weekly Journal* (Boston), 7 Sept. 1736.

13 J.D. Butler, "British Convicts Shipped to American Colonies," in *American Historical Review* 2 (1896-97), 27. In 1737, a vessel carrying transports arrived at Annapolis, Maryland armed with 66 indentures signed by the mayor of Dublin as testimonials. Local authorities also found 22 wigs on board. Both wigs and indentures were denounced as "an arrant cheat. . . ."

portation; vagabonds were often victims of the same fate. Although such voyages were dangerous, carrying transports to the colonies could also be quite profitable. A merchant might spend only £4 to £10 to get a convict or vagabond to America. It was customary to keep them chained below deck for the whole voyage, feeding them bread, cheese, meat, oatmeal and molasses. Usually at least fifteen percent died during the voyage. The survivors, however, generally fetched from £6 to £30 each.[14]

In the colonies, crime rates rose as a result of the influx of these individuals. The Provincial Court of Maryland in 1721 ordered that such persons be deemed "of Evill fame," from whom justices of the peace might take security for their good behaviour. In 1722, the Virginia Assembly passed an act designed to make the importation and sale of convicts so troublesome as to be unprofitable. The government in Britain rejected the act. The Maryland legislature in 1723 passed an act couched in similar terms, but it was also disallowed. Later attempts to exclude convicts fared no better.[15]

How much the officials at Annapolis Royal knew about the trade in convicts is unclear, but in any event it was not long now before most of the story of the *Baltimore* was revealed. Armstrong had written an Irish merchant named in some of the ship's papers. He learned from him that on leaving Dublin, the *Baltimore* had carried 60 to 70 passengers, most of them convicts.[16] They had obviously seized control of the vessel, and probably murdered Buckler and the crew. The woman who claimed to be Buckler's wife was undoubtedly one of the convicts.

From another source came information which confirmed many of these suspicions.[17] A visitor to Boston who knew the ship's master revealed that the vessel had gone to Dublin from the West Indies with a cargo of rum. Although originally promised a return cargo of conventional goods, Buckler

14 Abbott Emerson Smith, *Colonists in Bondage – White Servitude and Convict Labor in America 1607-1776* (Gloucester, Mass., 1965), pp. 111, 125, 134. Ireland transported almost 2000 people between 1736 and 1743; over half were vagabonds, not felons.

15 *Ibid.*, p. 120.

16 Armstrong to the Council of Trade and Plantations, received 24 Feb. 1737. *Calendar of State Papers*, 42, No. 462, p. 339.

17 New England *Weekly Journal*, 17 Aug. 1736.

had been unable to obtain it. It was Buckler's misfortune that another acquaintance of his was in Dublin at that time. The acquaintance was Jonathan Steaks, master of a small sloop from Antigua which had tied up near the *Baltimore*. Steaks has been trying to obtain a cargo of convicts from Dublin's Newgate Prison to carry to America, but had had his ship seized and sold for debt. Buckler agreed to transport Steaks, a number of felons, and several servants, to Annapolis, Maryland.

How soon people in Barbados began to suspect that something was amiss with Buckler and his vessel is uncertain. Months had passed there without a word of the ship. Then the fate of the *Baltimore* became known through some Boston newspapers. Soon Boston would receive information from Barbados on the family of the *Baltimore's* master, and on the ship's cargo. A letter from the real Mrs. Buckler made it clear that she had not been aboard the ship; she and an infant son had instead remained in Barbados. As the Boston *News-Letter* reported:

> the affair seems to turn out to be a prodigious Scheme of Iniquity, and this woman (the one who claimed to have been on the Baltimore as Buckler's wife), to be a vile Imposter, if not a piratical Murderer, as appears by the Deposition of one Mr. MacMahone, which came from Barbados in the last Vessel, accompany'd by a letter from Mr. Buckler's real widow living at that Island. . . .[18]

It was then too late to do anything about the imposter. Armstrong had furnished her with money and a letter of introduction to an acquaintance in Boston. He apparently also gave her another letter of introduction, to the governor of Massachusetts, so that she might obtain anything she needed. He also gave her a letter to a friend of his in London, directing him to pay her £20 sterling upon her arrival there; she generously left the *Baltimore* as security for repayment. The false Mrs. Buckler's arrival in Boston, on 10 July 1736, was duly recorded by the New England *Weekly-Journal*. Around the end of July she sailed for London, and disappeared forever.

Who the imposter really was has never been determined. In all probability she was a Mrs. Mathews, one of the convicts, originally sentenced to death for theft, only to have her sentence changed to transportation

18 *News-Letter* (Boston), 5-12 Aug. 1736.

to the colonies. It was reported that this Mrs. Mathews had been "a common whore in Dublin, and always of a very ill repute in her country." [19] Perhaps she was the wife of a man named Mathews who was hanged near St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, in 1735 for returning from exile in the colonies. Acording to a Dublin newspaper, two women claimed the body, both claiming to be the man's widow. After a long dispute it had been agreed to decide the matter in "a fair combat, which lasted about Half an Hour. At length the Conqueror was, by the Mob, declared the lawful Widow, and carried off in great triumph." [20]

Other people from the *Baltimore* may also have survived. The Boston *News-Letter*, in August 1736, had voiced a belief that some survivors must have gone ashore and dispersed among the French and Indians, "and, we fear, before this time, some, if not many, of those atrocious Villains have reach'd us in their travels." [21] The suspicions of the *News-Letter* may have been prophetic, because in October 1736 the New England *Weekly-Journal* reported that two people in the Salem jail awaiting trial had been sailors or passengers on board the *Baltimore*. Their fate is shrouded in mystery. The newspapers said nothing more about the matter, and the appropriate court records cannot be found.

As for the *Baltimore* itself, it had, on the orders of the Council, been laid up and secured at Annapolis Royal when brought there in the spring of 1736. Apparently the real Mrs. Buckler never reclaimed it, because it was still there in 1742. That spring, a New England sea captain who had lost his anchors in an incident at Grand Pré, requested the loan of those on the *Baltimore*; his request was rejected. According to one source, the *Baltimore* was towed out to sea and burned the following year.[23]

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19 New England *Weekly Journal*, 17 Aug. 1736.

20 *Evening-Post* (Dublin), 4-7 Oct. 1735.

21 *News-Letter*, 5-12 Aug. 1736.

22 C.B. Fergusson, ed., *Minutes of His Majesty's Council at Annapolis Royal 1736-1749* (Halifax, 1967), 9 Apr. 1742, p. 37.

23 W.R. Bird, *This is Nova Scotia* (Toronto, 1955), p. 119.

The Vieths of Niedergandern: A Tradition of Service

Terrence M. Punch

Niedergandern is a small community just to the west of the modern border between the German Federal Republic and the German Democratic Republic. It is built upon the left, or western, bank of the River Leine in the Eichsfeld, some sixteen kilometers south of Göttingen. In keeping with its crossroads location, Niedergandern is situated at the boundary between the present German states of Nieder Sachsen (Lower Saxony) and Hessen (Hesse), in the Kreis (County) Göttingen. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the town was just within the domain of Georg August, elector of Hanover, who is better known to anglophones as George II, King of Great Britain. Niedergandern was the birthplace of Adolphus Christoph Vieth, a "Hessian" officer who made Nova Scotia his home following his service in the American Revolutionary War.

The Vieths are an excellent example of the *Beamtenfamilie*, a family which has a tradition of service to the ruler and the state. We might describe such people in modern times as a family of professional civil servants, but one which supplied military officers as well. To judge by the marriages the Vieths made in Germany, they were the social equals of pastors, bailiffs and middle-ranking army officers. As proof that the German lineage of a Nova Scotian family can be traced in Europe at least as far back as the mid-sixteenth century, the Vieth family will be developed in some detail in branches which did not come to Nova Scotia, as well as in the direct line which did strike roots in this province.

The earliest traced progenitor was one Johann Vieth who was a valet and steward to the Duke of Hannover (1592), and who became a privy councillor in Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel (1595). Variously spelled in the earlier records, the family surname appears as Viedt, Viet, Vit, Vid, as well as Vieth. Hans Bahlow, a leading authority on German surnames, derives the name from that of Saint Vitus, mediaeval patron against fire.[1] Johann Vieth was born about 1550 and married about 1594, Magdalena **Jensen**. He died soon after 1595, leaving an infant son, Julius Augustus Vieth.

Julius Augustus Vieth was baptised at Wolfebüttel, 29 August 1595, when he was about nine days old. He attended university at Helmstadt, Leipzig and Leiden between 1612 and 1623. He made the Grand Tour in the capacity

1Hans Bahlow, *Deutches Namenlexikon* (München: Keysersche Verlagsbuchhandlung GmbH., 1967), p. 532.

of tutor to a young nobleman, and in 1628 he entered the service of the Landgraf of Hessen-Darmstadt. In 1632 he became the secretary of the privy council for Calenberg, and in 1649 acquired citizenship in the town of Hannover. He was a canon in the chapter of St. Blaise, Brunswick, from 1652; died at Hannover, 22 January 1659; and was buried six days later at St. Aegidius Church in Hannover. He married at Brunswick, 15 October 1633, Hedewig Helena (b. ca. 1608/13, d. probably in 1689), daughter of Theodore **Blockius** (1578-1647), councillor of Brunswick, by his first wife, Catharina Schirmer. They were parents of six sons, according to his funeral sermon:

1. Johannes Dietrich Vieth, b. ca. 1634/35 at Brunswick, of whom later.
2. a son, b. 1635/42 at Brunswick, but who d.v.p.
3. Otto Melchior Vieth, b. 1635/42 at Brunswick, but who d.v.p.
4. Jacob Conrad Vieth, b. 16 Aug. 1642 at Hannover, of whom later.
5. Jobst Werner Vieth, bap. 3 Jan. 1645 in the palace chapel of Hannover; d. probably in 1710; m.ca. 1672, Dorothea (b.ca. 1656 at Nordheim, d. after 1689), daughter of Ernst **Grewe(n)**, bailiff and overseer at Nordheim, and his wife, Catharina Schwerdes. Jobst Werner Vieth was overseer of the land at Nordheim which belonged to the chapter of St. Blaise; leased half a dairy farm at Edesheim; and owned grazing rights at Helmstedt, where he was also postmaster. They had five children alive in 1686:
   (1) Johann Dietrich, age 13 in 1686.
   (2) Johann Julius, age 11 in 1686.
   (3) Jacob Heinrich, age 7 in 1686.
   (4) Anna Regina, age 3 in 1686.
   (5) Jobst Friedrich, age 1½ in 1686.
6. Julius Eberhard Vieth, b. 1646/48, of whom later.

We have lines of descent from the eldest, fourth and youngest sons of Julius Augustus Vieth. The family which later lived in Nova Scotia is derived from the eldest son, and the account of the family will follow that line next. After that, each of the two junior lines will be traced for three or four generations, into the nineteenth century.

Johannes Dietrich Vieth

Johannes Dietrich Vieth was born ca. 1634/35 at Brunswick, and was attending Helmstedt University when his father died in 1659. He became a supervisor of taxes at Hannover and owned a brewery. He married very well, on 7 May 1674 at the Neustädter Johanniskirche in Hannover, by wedding Catharina Magdalena (b. 12 May 1650 at Hannover, d. after 1705), daughter of Johann **Volger**, patrician of Hannover and deacon of the Marktkirche, and his wife, Maria von Bestenbostel, whose antecedents had been noble in the area from the time of Charlemagne. The family resided in Hannover, and there Johannes Dietrich Vieth died on 3 Dec. 1704, and was buried at the Marktkirche, having had six children:

(1) Helena Maria Vieth, bap. 7 June 1675 at St. John's Church, Hannover.

(2) Johann Cunradt Vieth, bap. 25 July 1678 at St. John's Church, Hannover.

(3) Anna Maria Hedwig Vieth, bap. 12 Oct. 1679 at St. John's Church, Hannover; d. 1712 at Halberstadt; m. (1) 7 May 1696 at the palace chapel in Hannover, Bodo Wilhelm **Eberling**, bailiff at Northeim, who was bap. 19 Mar. 1666 at Göttingen, d. 5 June 1701 at Northeim. She m. (2) ca. 1704, Philipp Nicolaus **Kruse**, councillor at Halberstadt.

(4) Ludewig Johann Vieth, of whom below.

(5) Anna Sophia, bap. 24 Jan. 1684 at the palace chapel in Hannover.

(6) Ernst August, bap. 16 July 1686 at the palace chapel, Hannover; matriculated at the University at Jena in 1705.

The fourth child, Ludewig Johann Vieth, was born at Hannover ca. 1681, and was buried 4 Aug. 1718 at Marienstein, where he had been an attorney and bailiff of monastic property. He was educated at the University at Helmstedt (1700) and lived at Marienstein, near Northeim, from about 1704. He married ca. 1702, Catharina Margaretha **Warnecke**, who was bur. 6 Dec. 1769 at Hildesheim. They had four children:

(1a) Julius Augustus Vieth, b. ca. 1702 at Hanover; d. 30 Oct. 1743 at Hannover. He attended university at Leipzig (1726)

and was a government attorney at Hannover. He m. before 1734, Anna Maria . . ., who d. 15 Jan. 1753 at Hannover. They had one son:

(1b) Adolphus Christophorus Vieth, bap. 16 Nov. 1734 at Neustädter Church in Hannover; d. 10 Aug. 1762 at Hannover. He attended the university at Göttingen (1754) and was an auditor at Hannover. He did not marry, but gave his name to his first cousin and godson who founded the Vieth family in Nova Scotia.

(2a) Johann Heinrich Vieth, b. ca. 1704; an army officer.

(3a) Johann Ludewig Vieth, of whom below.

(4a) Henriette Sophia Vieth, d. 23 Feb. 1761 at Hildesheim; m. 13 Nov. 1736 at Hannover, Carl Caspar **Neubauer**, b. 15 July 1695, son of Caspar Christian Neubauer, a musician. Carl Caspar was a lawyer in his native city, Hildesheim. They had three sons and two daughters.

The third son, Johann Ludewig Vieth, was born at Hannover ca. 1706. After attending Halle-Wittenberg University (1728), he became an attorney and bailiff at Bodenhausen, Arnstein and Niedergandern. He was at Moringen and Niedergandern during the Seven Years' War when the French forces shelled Arnstein. He died at Arnstein, 10 Sept. 1770. He m. (1) 23 Dec. 1734 at Arnstein, Maria Dorothea (b. ca. 1710 at Spangenberg, d. ca. 1740), daughter of Johann Heinrich **Stökenius**, pastor at Spangenberg, and his wife, Anna Dorothea Gehrcke. They had two children:

(1b) Maria Dorothea, bap. 7 Oct. 1735 at Arnstein; apparently d. young.

(2b) Elisabeth Sophia Wilhelmine, bap. 27 Oct. 1736 at Niedergandern; d. 16 Nov. 1765 at Reckershausen; m. 26 Oct. 1756 at Niedergandern, Heinrich Friedrich **Gersting**, pastor of Reckershausen/Hottenrode, bap. 7 Feb. 1730 at the Marktkirche in Hannover, and graduated in theology at the

University at Göttingen, and d. 28 Jan. 1794 at Reckershausen.

Johann Ludewig Vieth m. (2) 26 May 1744 at Eichenberg, Anna Christina **Vormittag**, b. 1714, d. 16 Sept. 1779 at Witzenhausen, daughter of the pastor at Oberrieden. By her, Vieth had six further children:

(3b) Maria Elisabeth, bap. 16 Nov. 1745 at Niedergandern.

(4b) Christian Friedrich Vieth, bap. 19 Feb. 1747 at Niedergandern, who entered the study of law at the University at Göttingen in 1765. Presumably this is the brother of Adolphus Christoph Vieth who was spoken of by him as his brother who was a "judge on the Rhine."

(5b) Hedwig Christina Vieth, bap. 22 Oct. 1748 at Niedergandern; d. 14 Oct. 1785 at Witzenhausen, where she had married, 27 June 1781, Carl Friedrich **Hüpeden**, b. at Hebel, 12 Mar. 1741, d. at Witzleben on 12 Feb. 1799, pastor at Schwarzkasel, Grebendorf and Witzenhausen.

(6b) Dietrich Albrecht Vieth, bap. 8 Sept. 1750 at Niedergandern, one day old.

(7b) Dorothea Maria Vieth, bap. 24 July 1753 at Niedergandern, and confirmed at Eichenberg in 1768.

(8b) Adolphus Christoph Vieth, progenitor of the family in Nova Scotia, was born 12 June 1754 at Niedergandern, and baptised there the following day, and confirmed at Eichenberg in 1768. He died at Halifax, N.S., 25 Aug. 1835. In 1777 he was commissioned as an ensign in the Hessian Garrison Regiment Von Stein. When this became the Regiment Von Seitz the following year, Vieth was promoted to second lieutenant. Adolphus Vieth's regiment was put in garrison at Halifax, relieving British forces for service in the American Revolutionary War. In 1781, while at Halifax, Vieth was promoted to full lieutenant. For marrying without permission, Vieth was arrested and demoted in 1782, and finally left the service.

Vieth was instrumental in the formation of a German Society in Halifax in 1786, and later played a very active role in the affairs of the Masonic Lodge and St. George's Church. For many years he was commissariat officer at Halifax, captain in the militia, and a landowner in the north end of the city. In Mar. 1790, he was appointed first Sergeant at Arms to the Nova Scotia House of Assembly, an appointment he held until resignation, June 1801. He also had rights in certain lands at Calenberg and received some income from the corn and grain revenues there. He had also been invested with the Hessian fief of Bodenhausen, which produced little income, but did make him Vieth von Bodenhausen, a minor German noble. His family, though repeatedly encouraged to do so, failed to press its claims after his death. These rights lapsed once it was plain that none of Vieth's sons was able or willing to travel to Hesse in order to be invested in the honour. Adolph(us) Christoph Vieth married at Halifax, 18 Jan. 1782, Anna Dorothea, bap. 18 Sept. 1763, d. 13 Aug. 1851 at Halifax, daughter of Georg Philipp **Brehm** (d. 1776) and his wife, Elisabeth Heller (d. 1801) of Halifax. They had twelve children:

(1c) Dirck Adophus Vieth, bap. 30 Mar. 1783; d. in childhood.

(2c) Sophia Regina Vieth, bap. 15 Aug. 1784 at Halifax; d. 13 July 1858 at Portland, New Brunswick, unmarried.

(3c) Johann Adolphus Vieth, bap. 27 July 1786 at Halifax; d. Halifax 29 Aug. 1862. He was a Commissary officer, and m. 10 May 1812, Anne (d. 28 Jan. 1834), daughter of James **Pedley**, and widow of John William **Schwartz**. They had issue:

(1d) Elizabeth Jane Vieth, bap. 21 Feb. 1813 at Halifax; d. in Nov. 1873 at Sydney, N.S., unmarried.

(2d) Harry Charles Frederick Vieth, b. 28 Feb. 1815 at Halifax.

Johann A. Vieth m. (2) Hannah . . .(b. 1788 in the United States, d. 19 Jan. 1869 at Halifax). Records suggest that Johann A. Vieth had two other children, but there are such serious discrepencies in the information that they cannot be included confidently in an authentic genealogical account of the family.

(4c) Anna Catharina Vieth, b. 12 June 1788 at Halifax; d. 5 Apr. 1829 at Halifax; m. 24 Nov. 1812, John Stoddard **Goddard** of Brandon Court, Surrey, England, and of Saint John, New Brunswick. They had issue, seven sons and one daughter.

(5c) Friedrich Wilhelm Vieth, b. Apr. 1790 at Halifax; d. 25 June 1861. He was a lieutenant in the 8th. Regiment, and m. at Halifax, 16 Sept. 1834, Louisa Catherine (1805/06-9 Jan. 1869), second daughter of Thomas R. **Harris**, surgeon in the Royal Newfoundland Fencibles. They had four children:

(1d) Frederick Harris Dawes Vieth, army captain and author of *Recollections of the Crimean Campaign and the Expedition to Kenburn in 1855*, and other works. He was b. at Halifax, 5 July 1836, and d. at Ottawa. He m. at Halifax, 19 Sept. 1872, Elizabeth Winifred (b. 1847, living 1916), daughter of David and Sarah **Kirby**. No known issue.

(2d) Russel Harris Vieth, clerk, b. 19 Dec. 1838 at Halifax, and living there in 1873.

(3d) Louisa Sabina Vieth, bap. 3 Aug. 1841 at Halifax, and living there in 1852.

(4d) Edward Montgomery Harris Vieth, Deputy Registrar of Deeds for Halifax County, bap. 18 Oct. 1844 at Halifax, and died there in 1923. He m. (1) 10 July 1869 at Halifax, Florence Isabella, bap. 30 Aug. 1848 at Halifax, d. 23 Feb. 1905, dau. of Richard and Rebecca **Marshall**. They had eight children. E.M.H. Vieth m. (2) 14 May 1910 at Halifax, Elizabeth, b. ca. 1851, daughter of John **Galyer** of London, England, and widow of . . . New. The issue, all by the first wife, were:

(1e) Henry Vernon Vieth, b. 23 Sept. 1869 at Halifax.

(2e) Florence Louise Vieth, b. 12 Dec. 1870 at Halifax; m. 20 Aug. 1895, Richard **Crocker**, porter from Newfoundland.

(3e) Richard Cecil Vieth, b. 11 Mar. 1873, d. 23 May 1877.

(4e) Hugh Russell Vieth, b. 7 Oct. 1875 at Halifax.

(5e) Edgar Harris Vieth, b. 11 Sept. 1877 at Halifax, living 1941, was a railway employee; m. 3 Apr. 1907, Blanche K. (1882-1943), daughter of Alexander and Victoria **Siteman**. They had issue, including Reginald and Edgar Vieth/Veith.

(6e) Thomas Robert Vieth, b. 23 Mar. 1880 at Halifax, d. in 1963; m. 11

Apr. 1904, Edith Mary (1883-1962), daughter of Robert **Harris**. They had issue, including Edna F., Douglas, Gordon, Edward R., A. Russell, and Dorothy Vieth/Veith.

(7e) Alfred Vieth, b. 3 Dec. 1884 at Halifax.

(8e) Arthur Henry Vieth, bap. 28 Oct. 1889; d. 23 Aug. 1892.

(6c) Nicholas Edward Vieth, b. 15 Mar. 1792 at Halifax, living 1835.

(7c) Henry William Vieth, b. 16 Apr. 1794, at Halifax; d. there, 15 Mar. 1875; farmed "Pleasant Valley Farm" on Kempt Road, Halifax. He m. 14 May 1826, Ann Christine, b. ca. 1807, d. 12 Nov. 1875, daughter of Jacob **Shaffroth** of Halifax. They had nine children:

(1d) William Steward Peeples Vieth, silversmith, b. 3 Feb. 1827 at Halifax; d. there, 8 Aug. 1900; m. 3 Sept. 1851 at Halifax, Elizabeth Catharine, b. 29 June 1823, d. 29 Mar. 1903, daughter of John and Catharine E. (Head) **Artz**. They had two daughters:

(1e) Alice Sophia Vieth, bap. 2 June 1854; d.s.p., 1927; m. 6 July 1875, James Cooper (1847-1932), a banker, son of Isaac and Eliza **Anderton** of Saint John, N.B.

(2e) Elizabeth Ann Vieth, bap. 29 Oct. 1856; m. 27 Aug. 1878, James, b. 1852, banker, son of Peter **Jack** of Perthshire, Scotland. They had one child, Elizabeth Jack, who died at the age of nine years. They had also

two adopted children, Andrew and Isabel Jack.

(2d) Sarah Ann Vandine Vieth, b. 15 May 1829 at Halifax; m. 16 Dec. 1856, William Otis **Taylor** of Falmouth, N.S. Issue.

(3d) Frederick John Vieth, b. 3 Feb. 1831 at Halifax. By 1856 he was employed as a saddler in California.

(4d) Susan Elizabeth Vieth, b. 30 Sept. 1832 at Halifax, and was living there in 1881, unmarried.

(5d) Jesse Ann Vieth, b. 24 Oct. 1835 at Halifax; m. 11 June 1867, Charles Ferdinand, merchant, b. ca. 1843, son of Charles and Charlotte **Vose** of Boston. They had two daughters.

(6d) George Adolphus Vieth, b. 2 Apr. 1837 at Halifax; d. 17 Apr. 1906 at Victoria, B.C.; m. Mary L. . . ., and had issue, including Susan A., Edward A., Nellie T., and Jennie L. Vieth/Veith.

(7d) Ann Catharine Vieth, b. 11 Aug. 1839, d. 26 Feb. 1901, unmarried.

(8d) Henry John Vieth, bap. 20 June 1841 at Halifax; m. 19 Dec. 1866, Harriet Maria (Dec. 1846-1 June 1891), dau. of Jacob Sparling **Cunnabell**. They lived in Rhode Island, where all four of their children were born. Issue:

(1e) Bertha Annie Vieth, b. 12 Aug. 1868 at Warren, R.I.; m. 12 Aug. 1892, William Charles **Robidou** (d. 1 July 1926 at South Braintree, Mass.), and had three daughters.

(2e) Clifford Henry Vieth, b. 6 May 1870; d. 1910.
(3e) George A. Vieth, b. 11 Mar. 1872; m. (1) 1 May 1898, Harriet **Crapon**, and m. (2) Agnes R. **Wilson**. He had only one child,
(1f) Frederick William Vieth, b. 1 Apr. 1899; d. 1908.
(4e) Brenton Vieth, b. 29 Aug. 1874.
(9d) Jane Caroline Vieth, b. 1851; d. 2 Sept. 1900; m. 19 Aug. 1873, Robert Augustus, wine merchant, b. ca. 1848, son of George and Elizabeth **Letson** of Chatham, N.B.
(8c) George Christian Vieth, b. 2 Aug. 1796 at Halifax, and drowned at Moose Island, N.B., 23 Dec. 1818, unmarried.
(9c) Elizabeth Vieth, living 1832; m. 2 Mar. 1814, John **Smith**, a tanner, and had issue.
(10c) Henriette Vieth, living 1832.
(11c) Johann Vieth, living 1832.
(12c) Caroline Vieth, living 1832.

This concludes the line of Johannes Dietrich Vieth, which in the person of Adolphus C. Vieth began a branch in Nova Scotia. From the latter came families of the name in New England, British Columbia and California. We revert next to the line of the younger (fourth) brother of Johannes Dietrich Vieth in Germany.

Jacob Conrad Vieth

Jacob Conrad Vieth, fourth son of Julius Augustus Vieth, was born at Hannover, 16 Aug. 1642, attended the university of Helmstedt (1661), and was later employed as a schoolmaster, tax collector and county court assessor at Jever (1683), and was finally a privy councillor at Jever, where

he died on 11 Dec. 1715. He m. (1) 18 Jan. 1670 at Heppens, Maria Regina, b. 21 Mar. 1653 at Heppens, d. 15 Dec. 1688 at Jever, dau. of Joachim **Stroppius**, pastor of Heppens. They had eight children. Jacob Conrad Vieth m. (2) 16 Aug. 1690, Helena Maria, d. 24 Aug. 1711 at Jever, widow of the councillor of Bremen, von Berchern. His issue, all by the first wife, were:

(1) Hilmer Julius Vieth, b. 6 Jan. 1672 at Jever, was a lawyer and government councillor in Anhalt-Zerbst, and d. at his residence in Bremen, 29 Nov. 1726; m. 2 Aug. 1707 at Bremen, Catharina Maria, b. 1686 at Capetown, South Africa, d. before 1750 at Bremen, dau. of Gerhard Everhard **Woortman**, a bailiff and grain dealer, by his wife, Anna Leveke Leseberg. Two daughters:
   (1a) Anna Helena Vieth, b. 1708; bur. 9 Nov. 1752 at Aurich; m. 23 Nov. 1728 at Aurich, Johann **Schnedermann**, a judge, who was born at Leer, 19 Mar. 1700, d. at Aurich, 20 Jan. 1767. They had three sons and two daughters.
   (2a) Hedwig Frederica Vieth, b. ca. 1710; d. 7 Mar. 1740 at Bremen; m. 1738, Georg Albrecht **Backmeister**, a judge, b. 1702, d. 24 Jan. 1785. Issue, one daughter.

(2) Clara Margarethe Vieth, d. 1724; m. . . . **Stoltenau**, a preacher.

(3) Hedewig Rebecca Vieth, bap. 14 Sept. 1675 at Jever.

(4) Christopher Dieterich Vieth, bap. 24 Feb. 1677 at Jever.

(5) Dorothee Maria Vieth, d. 1755; m. Johan C. **Röseler**.

(6) Anna Sophia Vieth, d. 1729; m. . . . von **Berchern**, probably related to her stepmother, the widow Helena von Berchern.

(7) Johann Georg Vieth, of whom below.

(8) Anna Helena Vieth, bap. 30 Mar. 1685 at Jever; d. 1754; m. 16 June 1711 at Jever, Dietrich Hinderich **Tannen**, bailiff and sexton, bap. 1 Aug. 1680 at Jever, d. 12 Nov. 1756 at Tettens.

The seventh child, Johann Georg Vieth, was bap. 4 Nov. 1683 at Jever, and attended the university at Helmstedt (1705). He was a lawyer, bailiff and privy councillor at Jever, and d. 6 Oct. 1749 at Schortens. He m. 22 Apr. 1727 at Bremen, Catharina Maria, bur. 1 Mar. 1751 at Schortens, dau. of Rev. Ernst Friedrich **Bähr**s, pastor at Steinwedel. They had nine children:

(1a) Jacob Friedrich Vieth, bap. 5 June 1729 at Jever; law student.
(2a) Hedwig Sophia Vieth, bap. 29 Sept. 1730 at Jever; bur. 23 June 1731 at Schortens.
(3a) Julius Eberhard Vieth, of whom below.
(4a) Catharine Maria Vieth, bap. 16 May 1733 at Jever; bur. 23 June 1734 at Schortens.
(5a) Justina Sophia Vieth, bap. 16 May 1734 at Jever, d. 1805; m. Oct. 1752 at Jever, Gerhard Ulrich **Gunther**, an attorney, who d. 1804.
(6a) Catharina Marie Vieth, bap. 7 Dec. 1735 at Jever; bur. 12 Sept. 1744 at Schortens.
(7a) Johann Georg Vieth, bap. 21 Sept. 1737 at Jever; attorney in 1761.
(8a) Dorothee Helena Vieth, bap. 31 May 1739 at Jever; bur. 5 Feb. 1742 at Schortens.
(9a) Friedrica Louisa Vieth, bap. 29 Apr. 1741 at Jever; bur. 15 Aug. 1744 at Schortens.

The third child, Julius Eberhard Vieth, was b. at Jever on 12 Nov. 1731 and d. 8 June 1795. He was educated at Göttingen and became an attorney, bailiff and dike inspector at Hooksiel and Mariengarten. He m. 12 Nov. 1760 at Jever, Conradina Augusta, b. 22 Sept. 1742, d. 19 Jan. 1794, dau. of Gerhard **Gerdes**, pastor of Waddewarden, and his wife, Sophia Catharina Berlage. They had eleven children:

(1b) Gerhard Georg Vieth, bap. 18 Aug. 1761; bur. 22 Aug. 1761 at Hooksiel.
(2b) Gerhard Ulrich Anton Vieth, bap. 8 Jan. 1763 at Hooksiel; d. 12 Jan. 1826 at Dessau. He attended university at Göttingen (1781) and Leipzig (1783). He was one of the founders of the modern German education system and a professor at Dessau. He m. 5 Apr. 1792, Dorothee Sophie Henriette **Beibler**, b. 25 Jan. 1770, d. 1 May 1827, and had eleven children.

(3b) Sophia Catharina Vieth, b. 10 Jan. 1765 at Hooksiel; d. 1 May 1836 at Jever; m. Conrad Friedrich **Berlage**, b. 30 Dec. 1751 at Neuenda, d. 4 Nov. 1825 at Jever, pastor at Schortens.

(4b) Susanna Margarita Christiana Vieth, b. 26 Dec. 1766; d. 27 Nov. 1768 at Hooksiel.

(5b) Georg Julius Vieth, b. 9 July 1768; d. 30 Apr. 1775 at Hooksiel.

(6b) Susanna Margaretha Christiana Vieth, b. 1 July 1770 at Hooksiel; m. in Sept. 1795 at Jever, Johannes **Lamberti**, mayor of Esens.

(7b) Aegidius Conrad Vieth, b. 21 May 1772 at Hooksiel; assistant pastor, then pastor (1796) at Dornum until his death, 2 Dec. 1811 at Dornum; m. 1796, Christiana **Lamberti**, had one daughter,

(1c) Conradine Vieth; m. ca. 1817, Franz Ludwig **Helling**, teacher at Weener.

(8b) August Julius Vieth, b. 27 Nov. 1773 at Hooksiel; married and had three children, August, Luise and Julius Vieth.

(9b) Johann Georg Vieth, b. 17 May 1778; d. 23 Feb. 1780 at Hooksiel.

(10b) Conradine Auguste Vieth, b. 30 Aug. 1779 at Hooksiel.

(11b) Franciscus Vieth, b. 1 Nov. 1781; d. 1781 at Marienhausen bei Sande.

This concludes the line of Jacob Conrad Vieth. The next section treats that of his younger (sixth) brother, Julius Eberhard Vieth.

Julius Eberhard Vieth

Julius Eberhard Vieth, sixth son of Julius Augustus Vieth, was born in 1646 or 1648 at Hannover, where he died 1717. He attended Göttingen University (1663) and served as an ensign in Crete. He served in the armies of Hesse and Brunswick, and was finally the high bailiff at Zinna near Jüterbog. He m. 4 Oct. 1681 at Friedland, Catharina Gertrud, bap. 1 Nov.

1662 at Ohsen bei Hameln, dau. of Philipp **Schlüter**, prince's bailiff at Aerzen, Kirch-Ohsen and Friedland, and of his wife, Dorothea Elisabeth Lindener. Catharina Gertrud was the widow of one Hüpeden. They had three children:

(1) Johann Justus Vieth, of whom below.

(2) Johann Jacob Vieth, who attended the classical school in Bremen and the University of Jena (1706). He served under Prince Eugène in the War of the Spanish Succession and was killed in battle against the Turks in 1716.

(3) Hedwig Regina Vieth, d. 1772; m. (1)...**Brösemann**, and m. (2) Major...**Fritigehausen**, Lord of Exdorf.

The eldest son, Johann Vieth, was also known as Johann Jobst Vieth, and was b. 27 Sept. 1684 at Lauterberg/Harz, and d. 6 Aug. 1764 at Golssen, Niederlausitz. He was a royal councillor and secretary, and became Lord of Golssen, Prierow, Landwehr and Liedkahle. He was eventually ennobled as "von Golsseneau" on 7 Sept. 1745. He m. (1) 19 Apr. 1712 at Wanzeleben, Katharina Charlotte **Koehler**, b. 19 July 1693 at Schöningen, d. 19 Nov. 1744 at Golssen. He m. (2)...von **Schlabrendorff**. He had eight children, all by the first wife:

(1a) Johann Julius Vieth von Golssenau, b. ca. 1713, attended university at Leipzig (1732) and Wittenberg (1730); m. Juliana von **Bellichen**.

(2a) Regina Charlotte Vieth von Golssenau, b. 10 May 1714; d. 8 July 1786 at Wolfenbüttel; m. 27 Nov. 1731 at Geslar, Johann Konrad Sigismund **Topp**, b. 18 Dec. 1692 at Ilten, d. 25 Feb. 1757 at Helmstedt, where he was proctor of the university.

(3a) Johanna Wilhelmine Vieth von Golssenau.

(4a) Ernst August Vieth von Golssenau.

(5a) Philipp Rudolph Vieth von Golssenau attended the university at Leipzig (1742) in the faculty of law.

(6a) Anna Hedwig Vieth von Golssenau.

(7a) Carl Victor Vieth von Golssenau.

(8a) Friedrich Ludwig Vieth von Golssenau, b. 1 Mar. 1733 at Golssen, d. 22 Aug. 1815 at Meissen. He attended univer-

sity at Helmstedt (1750), and served later as a captain in the royal Saxon army. He m. 1766, Marie Magdalene von Kray, who d. 11 Feb. 1799 at Meissen.

This concludes the line of Julius Eberhard Vieth, which was ennobled in 1745 with the name of Vieth von Golssenau.

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One cannot help but be impressed with the educational levels that were consistently attained by this north German administrative family over at least five generations, embracing most of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As no particular attempt was made to trace the German lines beyond the period in which Adolphus Christoph Vieth was born and grew up at Niedergandern, one can only speculate whether this pattern was maintained well into the nineteenth century.

The progenitor of the family in Nova Scotia, Adolphus C. Vieth, followed the traditional pattern of the male members of his family, being a military officer, a government official and an active member of the local church. Among Vieth's grandsons, a few such may be found, but a marked departure from the former choice of occupations seems to have taken place within a generation or two of the family's arrival in Nova Scotia. Perhaps Nova Scotia was simply not the Electorate of Hannover, but more likely, there was not the network of *Beamterfamilien* in Nova Scotia to sustain interest in government service or to assure the patronage of well-placed family connections. Some indication of the disorientation of the descendants of Adolphus C. Vieth in Nova Scotia has been the indifference with which the name has been spelled, sometimes *Vieth*, sometimes *Veith*. Rather than deciding which form to use in each individual case, I have consistently used *Vieth*, which is more faithful to the original meaning and sense of the name.

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Bibliography of the Writings of Phyllis Ruth Blakeley

Wendy Duff

[Throughout her forty-year-long career in archives, during which she rose from research assistant to Provincial Archivist, Phyllis Blakeley was a prolific writer on historical subjects. The tradition in which she was trained and in which she worked was that of the archivist-historian, as personified by Daniel Cobb Harvey, Provincial Archivist from 1931 to 1956. It was Dr. Harvey who supervised Dr. Blakeley's Master's thesis in the History Department at Dalhousie University in the 1940s. Few people could have known the archival sources for Nova Scotian historical biography better than Dr. Blakely, and it is as an historian of Nova Scotia--or rather of Nova Scotians--that she both deserves to be and long will be remembered. Dr. Blakeley, however, was first and foremost an archivist, and much of her writing--and lecturing--reflected her role as a publicist for and popularizer of archives.

The precedent for a bibliography such as this was set in 1980, when a compilation of the works of the late Dr. C. Bruce Fergusson, Provincial Archivist Emeritus, was published in Volume 40 of the *Collections* of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. In view of Dr. Blakeley's long and distinguished membership in the Society, it was originally proposed to feature a bibliography of her published writings in Volume 43 of the *Collections*. As that volume would not be forthcoming for at least another two years, however, it was ultimately decided to feature the bibliography in this special women's issue of the *Review*. The typological-cum-chronological arrangement of this bibliography is better designed than the conventional alphabetical one to show the evolution of the author's interests and expertise. Neither arrangement, however, could enhance or diminish the variety and abundance of Dr. Blakeley's *oeuvre*.

Excluding her Master's thesis, this bibliography comprehends only Dr. Blakeley's published writings. Her unpublished writings also would merit a bibliography of their own. Happily, her extensive collection of papers was deposited in the Public Archives of Nova Scotia, where they have been organized, listed and made available to researchers. The finding aid to the Blakeley Papers in MG 1 should therefore be studied and used conjointly with this bibliography--*Editor.*]

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V. X (1871 to 1880): "William Blowers Bliss," pp. 72-73; "James Cochran," pp. 176-177; "James Forman" [in collaboration with D.M. Barker], pp. 292-293; "John Geddie" [with D.M. Barker], pp. 302-303; "Mary Eliza Herbert," p. 348; "Henry How," pp. 361-362; "George Moir Johnston," pp. 382-383; "Andrew Shiels," pp. 652-653.

V. XI (1881 to 1890): "William Alexander Henry," pp. 398-400; "Anna Haining Swan (Bates)," pp. 865-866.

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V. VII (1836 to 1850): "Sampson Salter Blowers" ; "John Homer" ; "Nathan Pushee" ; "Lewis Morris Wilkins" ; "Sir William Robert Wolseley Winniett. "

V. XII (1891 to 1900): "George Elkana Morton. "

Book Reviews

The Sermons of Henry Alline, edited by George A. Rawlyk. ISBN 0-88999-310-6. Lancelot Press, Hantsport, 1986, for the Baptist Heritage in Atlantic Canada Series. 174 pages, softcover, $7.95. Available from the publisher, Box 425, Hantsport, N.S., B0P 1P0.

The renaissance of Maritime religious history during the past twenty-five years has been in part stimulated by the examination of the career of Falmouth Township evangelist Henry Alline (1748-1784). Dr. George A. Rawlyk, in *The Sermons of Henry Alline*, takes us to the central method used by this preacher to effect revivals that fanned the province's "Great Awakening."

Rawlyk's opening essay summarizes both Alline's life and the earlier critical attention given to the sermons as compared to his hymns, doctrinal writings and journal. The sermons are presented as compact crystallizations of Alline's intense charismatic preaching style. His impassioned language cries out for his hearers to submit freely to Christ and to undergo a dramatic "New Birth," or conversion, which is the culmination of saving grace offered and imparted by God through the Holy Spirit.

The sermons (two delivered at Liverpool, 1782, and one at Port Medway, 1783) are accompanied by an extract from Jonathan Scott's *A Brief View* (1784). This commentary enhances the book by offering the only printed contemporary critique of Alline's sermons, from an orthodox Congregationalist viewpoint. A further expansion of this section could have examined sermons and doctrinal disputes as a genre of colonial Nova Scotian literature, since Alline's and Scott's publications were part of a larger body of writings by religious figures of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Rawlyk attempts to relate Alline's spoken and published sermons to their impact on the latter's New England-born Nova Scotian audience. The point is not clarified that Alline had to reach the ears and hearts of a people who differed widely in degrees of literacy. The published sermons were for sale to that smaller section of society who sought and could afford to buy pietistic literature for study and reflection.

The printed sermons show a degree of structure and forethought which seems to contradict the much-vaunted extemporaneous preaching of the Allinite circle. Perhaps this is best understood as the use of a framework

which permitted an inspired speaker to add freely to his pre-planned delivery. Rawlyk remains silent on this point.

The Sermons of Henry Alline breaks with the Heritage series' earlier offerings of journals, letters and essays. It is a refreshing book, since it moves back from the history of a movement to permit direct confrontation with the message of the "Great Awakening" as conceived by Alline himself. It is up to the reader to decide whether Rawlyk is correct in believing that the "bare and brutal words" of the sermons are as timeless and relevant in the 1980s as they were to eighteenth-century residents of Port Medway and Liverpool.

Allen B. Robertson

Collections of the Royal Nova Scotia Historical Society, Vol. 42 [1986]. Published in conjunction with the N.S. Department of Government Services, Information Services Division, Halifax, N.S. 203 pages, softcover, $15.00. Available from Public Archives of Nova Scotia, 6016 University Avenue, Halifax, N.S., B3H 1W4.

Now entering its 109th year, the Royal Nova Scotia Historical Society may well be regarded as venerable: individuals, institutions, causes, countries--all pass away, but the Historical Society lives on. The publication of yet another volume in the ongoing *Collections* series may not be a landmark event, but it is nevertheless noteworthy as the continuing embodiment of the Society's stated purpose, and as an indicator of the healthy state of non-academic historiography in Nova Scotia.

Twelve papers presented before the Society's regular monthly meetings between November 1982 and December 1985 appear in this volume. The range is both revealing and encouraging. Paul Erickson's "Yellow Fever in Halifax'" reflects current interest in medical history and epidemiology; agrarian history as seen through the lives of individuals is treated in James Morrison's "The Harlow Diaries: Farming in Nineteenth Century Nova Scotia" ; and the revisionist approach to early Nova Scotian history is followed by Mary Ellen Wright in her spirited article, "Cobequid Townships and the American Revolution."

Other presentations in the volume cover the more predictable subjects of religion, politics, the press and the judiciary, but with a lively infusion of contemporary thought. The most satisfying article, for this reviewer, was Henry Roper's, "The Lifelong Pilgrimage of George E. Wilson, Teacher

and Historian." Fortunate are those who have been tempered by Wilson's philosophy, flawed though it may have been.

Lest these topics appear a little too esoteric, the late Ven. Dr. H.B. Wainwright's presentation of extracts from the journals of three of his maiden aunts is easily the most charming. Consider Miss Susan Granberry Stowe Wainwright, aged 36, shipwrecked off St. Mary's Bay, Newfoundland, in 1896; and, after failing to emerge from her cabin, telling the frantic purser that "I am putting up my hair. A Wainwright does not appear in public with her hair down." Equally entertaining is A.A. MacKenzie's look at the Sonora Timber Company, in "The Russians Were Here"--an exotic interlude in Guysborough County during the 1920s.

Volume 42 marks a departure for the *Collections*, in the introduction of an updated cover/page format. The volume displays, however, some typographical and editorial gremlins which subsequent issues will no doubt overcome. As a cooperative publishing venture, the volume is a success and represents the coming trend in such endeavours.

What is most important about this issue of the *Collections* is that it represents history at the general-interest level--and some of the best of this type of work, to boot. Members of the Society are not all ancients, academics, or antiquarians--nor are the papers presented at their meetings. There is a solid core of public interest in this kind of imaginative and investigative history, but few enough avenues of publication for the results. The Society has taken for its motto the words *Futura in Historia Vivet*: "In History the Future Lives." The strength of this credo is self-evident after 109 years. It will be a sad day should economics and official disinterest conspire to curb the continuation of this, and other lively publishing traditions in the field of history, in this province. Lois Kernaghan

The Descendants of James McCabe and Ann Pettigrew, by Allan E. Marble. ISBN 0-88082-015-2. New England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, MA, U.S.A., 1986. 252 pages, illustrated, indexed, hardcover, $31.00. Available from the author, 6366 South St., Halifax, N.S., B3H 1T9.

James McCabe, a native of Ireland, immigrated to North America about 1745. James, his wife Ann Pettigrew, sons James and John, and four daughters came to Pictou, Nova Scotia on the brigantine *Betsey*, out of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on 6 May 1767. This well-researched genealogy covers

nine generations of McCabes, and describes the families as they grow and prosper, and extend from Pictou County to other areas of Nova Scotia, all provinces and both territories of Canada, and beyond.

The presentation used is the Register Style of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, and it is a classical example of this form. A precise explanation of this style is given in the preface. The author uses the introduction to the genealogy to tell the very informative and intriguing history of the family, with its Norse-Hebridean origin, and the Irish meaning of the surname McCabe: "son of the helmeted one."

Sources for much of the data are included within the body of the text, but in such a way as not to interfere with the flow of the narrative. The book includes an Index of Persons, listing more than a thousand descendants of James and Ann, and upwards of nine hundred surnames other than McCabe. Also included is an Index of Places.

But there is more to this genealogy than names and places. Many photographs are appropriately placed throughout the genealogy, bringing life to the family. The tragic death of Jane McCabe, wife of Ralph of the fourth generation is described on page 41. Jane died as a result of burns suffered when an oil lamp she was lighting upset, spilling oil on her clothing. On page 25 family tradition tells that Janette, wife of George McCabe of the third generation, smoked a clay pipe. "Trapper Jack" McCabe of the fifth generation is said to have shot over one hundred moose in his lifetime. Alvah McCabe of the sixth generation went to Alberta with ten cents in his pocket and ended up with a full section of land--640 acres!

This genealogy is the product of twenty years of dedicated research. The author states that it is not intended to be read as a novel, or as a textbook, but as a reference book for information on one family: the McCabes. It is this, and much more--it is an excellent presentation by an accomplished genealogist.

Marion D. Oldershaw

Sawpower: Making Lumber in the Sawmills of Nova Scotia, by Barbara R. Robertson. ISBN 0-920852-53-X. Nimbus Publishing Ltd., Halifax, in conjunction with the Nova Scotia Museum, 1986. 244 pages, illustrated, softcover, $19.98. *Forests of Nova Scotia*, by Ralph S. Johnson. Four East Publications, Tantallon, N.S., in conjunction with the Nova Scotia Department of Lands and Forests,

1986. 407 pages, illustrated, hardcover (ISBN 0-920427-09-X), $50.00; softcover (ISBN 0-92947-08-1), $24.95.

Before December 1986, very little had been written about the exploitation of the forest in Nova Scotia. From the point of view of historians, it was as if that resource had no impact on the lives of Nova Scotians. In less than a month, however, two voluminous books dealing with this subject were on the market.

Barbara Robertson's book is oriented towards the technology involved in making lumber. In her introduction, she clearly defines her goal when she says that "*Sawpower* chronicles the development of Nova Scotia's sawmilling industry--the inventions and innovations, the people and places that played a prominent role in launching Nova Scotia's industrial revolution." Without hesitation, we can say that throughout the book those goals have been met.

The first five chapters, covering Wind-power, Tide-power, Horsepower, Waterpower and Steampower, are very good. She shows the reader not only what the technology was like, but also how much Nova Scotia was involved in manufacturing some of the equipment used in the different types of sawmills. In reading these chapters, people will be amazed to see how a wind-powered sawmill worked, how a turbine could power a sawmill, or what kind of engines were used in a steampowered sawmill.

In Chapters Six, Seven and Eight, the author deals with transportation, shipbuilding, and with the machines and the products of the forests. Finally, in Chapter Nine, the workers and management are presented. The latter are favoured, and a more serious effort could have been put into illustrating the life of the workers.

At the end of the book, there are some excellent appendices, with well-tabulated data. One of the main strengths of the book is the illustrative material, including maps and photographs. Just by looking at them, one can learn a lot about sawmills in Nova Scotia.

Ralph Johnson's book is very different in all respects. It has the very broad goal of describing what happened to the forests of Nova Scotia from "the recession of the last ice age and continuing to 1982." The reader will be amazed to see that the Table of Contents lists 53 chapters, divided into ten parts.

The first 25 address the question until 1900. The overall problem in these chapters is that the author has not produced enough evidence, examples and data for the whole province, nor for each of the centuries he covers. As a result, throughout the first half of the book, there is no clear idea of the interaction between the people and the forest in Nova Scotia.

The remaining chapters cover the period from 1900 to 1982, touching on the pulp and paper industry, forest management, the state of the forest, the danger to the forest, and sylviculture. Historians will be disappointed in this material, because the author goes from one isolated fact to another without any continuity. The total picture for the period never emerges.

In conclusion, one can say that this book lacks the research and the material that was needed to cover such a topic in a scientific way. A better use of archival materials, as well as published governmental and scientific studies, would have certainly helped the author in the writing of a book which, in the final analysis, is very disappointing. Raymond Léger

"MORE THAN CONQUERORS" The Story of 'ALL SAINTS' Springhill Nova Scotia, by Bertha J. Campbell. ISBN 0-9691127-0-3. Oxford Street Press, Halifax, 1986. 238 pages, softcover, illustrated, $10.00. Available from All Saints' Springhill Hospital, 10 Princess St., Springhill, N.S., B0M 1X0.

Miss Campbell's publication is a combination of three intertwined subjects. It is the biography of an energetic cleric--Canon William Charles Wilson; the erection and development of All Saints' Anglican Church; and the story of All Saints' Hospital. The book begins with a series of obituaries and tributes extracted from *The Halifax Herald* and *The Springhill Record* following the Canon's demise. Although W.C. Wilson was born in London, England, he came to North America as a young man. He became rector of All Saints' Springhill in 1886, a position he held until 1899 when he resigned to devote his time to All Saints' Hospital. It was during his incumbency that the parish house was opened in 1891 and two years later, All Saints' Church and Hospital were dedicated. The church, parish house, and the hospital and its first addition were all designed by the famous Maritime architect, William C. Harris. The groined ceiling and apsidal wall in All Saints' Church are reminiscent of French Gothic vaulting.

Shortly after Canon Wilson's arrival in Springhill, he realized that the community needed a hospital. As *The Springhill Record* of 1 October 1921 noted upon the death of Canon Wilson:

> Realizing that the health and life of the community could only be strengthened and saved by removing the sick and suffering from their shut-in and depressing surroundings, he realized also the necessity for an institution to mitigate prevailing conditions and determined that Springhill should have a hospital for such a purpose.

When the hospital opened, it cost approximately $8.00 per week for a hospitalized patient in the general ward. Patients or their families and friends were expected to pay whatever part they could afford. Sick people who were unable to pay, however, were admitted and treated in the general wards. The hospital specialized in treatment of accident cases from factories, mines and railroads.

The book is divided into three chapters: Chapter I. William Charles Wilson; Chapter II. All Saints' Church; and Chapter III. All Saints' Hospital. The chapters, in turn, are subdivided by topics into 57 sections, thereby giving the book a fragmentary appearance. Although Miss Campbell has made extensive use of various reports, articles, correspondence, minute books and newspapers, it is unfortunate that she did not have access to the Anglican newspaper *Church Guardian*, 1879-1895, the time period when the parish house, church and hospital were constructed. This newspaper is available from the National Library, Ottawa, through Interlibrary Loan. Miss Campbell noted that the *Church Work* was perused for 1880, 1881 and 1882. This Anglican Church newspaper, however, was published from 1876 to 1940, and there are extensive holdings in the Public Archives in the Diocesan Centre, Halifax. It is unfortunate that the author did not include footnotes or endnotes, which are essential to any scholarly work. An index would also have added to the book's usefulness.

There are, however, many positive features of *"MORE THAN CONQUERORS"*. Miss Campbell includes numerous photographs of the church, rectors, vestry, choir and hospital; biographical sketches of the parish's rectors; and a bibliography of sources. The author conducted many interviews before writing her book. In fact, a couple of anecdotes are quite amusing. The Rev. George Hatton recalled two plays in which he was involved:

> I remember one night in Parrsboro the closing scene was Olwyn Jones and I being reconciled after a 'spat'. I was to embrace her and give her a kiss as the curtain fell. But the curtain did not fall. There we were embracing and kissing while I frantically signalled with my left arm to close the curtain. The fellow finally woke up but you can imagine the ribbing I took from Tupper McKenzie and the others about bribing the man on the curtain.
>
> On another occasion, Harry Moore, who found it hard to memorize, was on stage in a box and when the time came to let him out, we opened the lid and there was Harry engrossed in a book learning his lines.

"MORE THAN CONQUERORS" will definitely be of interest to readers having an interest in Springhill, Anglican ecclesiastical history, or medical history from the 1890s and continuing into the twentieth century. Miss Campbell should be congratulated for her book which was written under difficult conditions, partly researched while a patient in the hospital about which she was writing. One must agree with Bishop Hatfield, who wrote in his "Foreword" that "Springhill is fortunate to have one such person in Bertha J. Campbell, who has prepared and published an accurate and readable record. . . ."

Philip L. Hartling

To the Hill of Boisdale: Pioneers of Boisdale, Cape Breton and Surrounding Areas, by A.J. MacMillan. Music Hill Publications, Sydney, 1986. 650 pages, illustrated, maps, hardcover, $35.00 plus $2.00 postage and handling. Available from the publisher, Box 1612, Sydney, N.S., B1P 6R8.

To the Hill of Boisdale is mainly a chronicle of the names of succeeding generations of families of Boisdale and the surrounding area. Each family account is introduced by a brief, general clan history, a brief history of the origins of the first settlers, and lists of descendants interspersed with a few anecdotes to break the monotony of lists of names.

Genealogists and family historians find that Cape Breton is a very difficult area to research. Not only do names such as MacDonald, MacLean, MacLeod and MacNeil predominate, but given names also tend to be identical. As a result, someone looking for an Alexander MacDonald might find several residing in the same community. To complicate matters even further, there could be more than one Alexander in the same family. A major contribution of this book to family research in the Boisdale area is the preservation of the "nicknames" of families and individuals. These nicknames were often

the only means of distinguishing one family from another and one family member from another.

One unusual aspect of this book is the use of the original Gaelic names for the early generations. For those not familiar with these names it might be confusing at first. However, the glossary of English equivalents in the back of the book, although not complete, is helpful. In fact, this glossary can be very useful to anyone researching family history in Cape Breton, because a major problem in interpreting documents is the inconsistency with which Gaelic names were translated into English.

Nevertheless, there are several problems associated with this volume. The author opted to omit most dates, except for the approximate dates of birth and arrival of the original settlers (when they were available). These few dates are not even sufficient to meet the author's objective of helping the reader "situate the events discussed." Another disappointing feature is the absence of references to the sources of information consulted, except for occasional references within the text.

Although at least some of the secondary sources are listed in a bibliography, the primary sources consulted are not included. Clearly one valuable source of information at the Public Archives of Nova Scotia that was not used was the Cape Breton County Death Returns. For example, through using this source it can be confirmed that Donald Nicholson (p. 581) was indeed a son of Niall Nicholson (p. 577) and that Niall's wife was Mary Galbraith.

While in most cases the author is very cautious in his interpretation of documentary sources, his use of census figures to determine the members in a family can result in errors. The 1838 Census lists people living in a household, and it does not necessarily mean that all are children of the head of the household. The danger of making such an assumption can easily be evaluated by looking at the 1871 Census.

There are also several problems with the format of the book. Although the families are listed alphabetically by surname, the absence of an index or a table of contents makes it difficult to find a particular family. As a result, anyone looking for a family of MacDonalds at Leitches Creek must search through 111 pages of MacDonalds to find the correct family. Readers must also be careful when following a family line, because surnames have been omitted after the first occurrence of the name. This can cause

confusion when a female line is being followed, since the surname may be different from the one indicated on the top of the page.

Notwithstanding the academic and technical problems mentioned above, the establishing of links between families in the Boisdale area to communities in Scotland, the preservation of "nicknames," and the general collection of family information, makes the book a valuable contribution to the study of Cape Breton family history. Phyllis MacInnes Wagg

Middleton, 1909-1984: Heart of the Valley. Middleton, 75th Anniversary Committee, 1984. viii plus 131 pages, hardcover, $22.00. Available from the Town of Middleton, Box 340, Middleton, N.S., B0S 1P0.

This book about the history of Middleton was a project undertaken for the town's 75th anniversary of incorporation in 1984.

Without the tireless efforts of Furber Marshall, *Middleton, 1909-1984* would never have been produced. While he is merely acknowledged for "preparing the material," Mr. Marshall was almost entirely responsible for the book's planning, writing and publication, as well as for much of its research. As a former mayor of the town and Maritime Tel and Tel historian, he brought to the project a wealth of knowledge about the local area. He was also assisted by several students on a provincial grant, the staff of the Macdonald Museum in Middleton, and many former and present residents of the community.

While the dates 1909 to 1984 in the book's title emphasize the theme of Middleton's story as an incorporated town, the author is well aware that every period of history is influenced by its background. As a result, there are two introductory chapters and frequent references throughout the text to the years before 1909. Middleton is a young town by Nova Scotian standards, having only developed in a major way since the 1880s, and so this limited treatment of earlier times is satisfactory. Mention should be made of the valuable genealogies of founding families, such as the Dodges, Marshalls and Hills, which are included as part of Chapter 3.

By far the largest part of *Middleton, 1909-1984* deals thematically with the history of Middleton. There are chapters or parts of chapters devoted to churches, transportation, public utilities, municipal government, industries, sports, civic organisations, schools, and World War II. History is, however, above all the record of the activities of people. This has been reflected

in the biographical sketches of mayors and doctors, as well as in the numerous references to other citizens. Indeed, one suspects that a fair proportion of Middleton's past population is mentioned in the book.

Just as Mr. Marshall has been content to extend the time frame of the book's title in order to give a more rounded-out treatment of Middleton's history, so too has he looked beyond its geographical borders. He has correctly perceived the importance which neighbouring communities, especially Nictaux, Torbrook Mines, Port George and Margaretsville, have had on Middleton's growth. There is, for example, a section on the Torbrook Iron Mines in Chapter 7.

More critically, it must be noted that the book contains several dozen typographical errors and that the text on page 77 is repeated on the next page. These flaws are regrettable, but understandable in a first edition. There is also no mention of the international success of painter Tom Forrestal, or the leading role which Hanson Dowell, Sr. played in the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association. Instead of profiling these and other prominent native sons, the author has instead focussed his attention on the development of the community itself.

Middleton, 1909-1984 is a thorough, well-illustrated, readable book. It deserves a wider audience than the residents of the Middleton area, if for no other reason than to show just how a work of local history should be done.

Norman Morgan

History of Port Hood and Port Hood Island with the Genealogy of the Smith Family, by Perley W. Smith. Reprinted 1985. 285 pages, hardcover, $25.00. Available from Vivian Tobey, Box 131, Port Hood, B0E 2W0.

This book is not a new publication but a reprint of the 1967 edition with a new introduction and a nine-page appendix of corrections and additions.

The central core of the book is the genealogy and family history of David Smith who settled on Port Hood Island in 1786. The importance of this family and its influence on Port Hood earns its central position in the history of the community. While the story of the Smith family provides the basis of the book, many other families are discussed, some in equal detail to the Smiths. Along with the family histories, the book contains sections on the general history of the Port Hood area, significant events in its history, and profiles of local professionals and businessmen.

The sections of the book dealing with history tend to be anecdotal in form, rather than providing a flowing historical narrative and at times are repetitive. Many significant aspects of Port Hood history are only briefly mentioned or are not included, such as the story of how the Smiths almost did not receive their original grant.

The book's strongest point is its family histories. Although no formal genealogical format is used, these histories are generally easy to follow and contain an impressive collection of data. The "index" in the back of the book resembles a table of contents and a more traditional index, along with a bibliography, would have been useful.

The title used on the cover of the book, *The Smiths of Cape Breton*, is misleading as it implies that all the Smith families of Cape Breton are included. This is not the case, as the book does not include Smith families from other parts of the island that did not descend from David. However, for anyone who is interested in Port Hood and its families, and who did not have the opportunity to get the original edition, this book is highly recommended.

Phyllis MacInnes Wagg

George Nowlan: Maritime Conservative in National Politics, by Margaret Conrad. ISBN 0-8020-2600-1. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1986. 357 pages, hardcover, $37.50.

Prime Ministers Diefenbaker and Pearson, some of their cabinet ministers, historians, journalists, television writers, among others, have given us a sizeable number of books on Canada's turbulent tenth decade. Is there a need therefore for a biography of George Nowlan, Minister of National Revenue, 1957-62 and Minister of Finance, 1962-63? Professor Margaret Conrad answers the question very well with this first-class biography, a study initially undertaken as a doctoral dissertation at the University of Toronto. Actually, less than half of the book is devoted to Nowlan's ministerial career; the remainder deals with his extensive provincial political career and his early years in Ottawa, 1949-57.

Professor Conrad's biography is made possible because George Nowlan left an excellent archival collection. Given full access to these papers at Acadia University, she has used them judiciously to piece together the legal and political career of an interesting politician. The author was also aided by having access to cabinet documents, departmental records and

the private papers of a number of Nowlan's colleagues. Unfortunately, she was refused access to the Diefenbaker, George Drew and several other important private political collections. After reading this biography, however, I doubt if these would have added much, given the strength of Nowlan's own papers.

This book is successful, beyond being well researched and well written. It is not only the story of George Nowlan, for it also provides considerable detail on the social, economic and political history of Nova Scotia for the middle part of this century. This is political biography as it should be, for we see the subject in the full context of the times. Professor Conrad is to be commended for her achievement, especially as political biography recently has not been viewed with favour in some academic circles.

George Nowlan was a pragmatic politician with a strong and congenial personality. He was truly a "progressive" Conservative. During his period as a provincial MLA, 1925-33, he strongly supported government intervention as a means to get the weak Nova Scotian economy of the 1920s and 1930s on the rails again. His support of government control of the liquor industry did not sit well with his Annapolis Valley constituents and contributed, along with the Franchise Act scandal, to his personal defeat in 1933. For the next fifteen years, until his election as a federal MP in 1948, he remained active in politics as a powerful force in the party in the province and across Canada.

As Minister of National Revenue, Nowlan was obviously not the most influential member of the Diefenbaker government. This portfolio may have been the price he paid for not supporting Diefenbaker at the leadership convention in 1956. Nowlan, however, did not run away and hide. He was the acknowledged leader of the large Maritime Tory contingent in the Commons and he took his role seriously. He became a member of powerful committees, saw the CBC through a very rough period, and despite poor health and bitter internal struggles in cabinet, he took on the Finance portfolio, "more in sorrow than in ambition" writes Professor Conrad.

That the Diefenbaker government paid more than lip service to Maritime regional concerns was in good part due to Nowlan's persistence, combined with the vision of some other progressive ministers and senior public servants. The tragedy is that they did not do so much more, and here Nowlan and his colleagues must accept responsibility.

George Nowlan was not without personal and political weaknesses. Professor Conrad does not shy away from these and therefore gives us a very balanced account of Nowlan. In the preface she indicates that her subject's "private and unconscious lives" were not the major focus of her study. And yet, after reading this biography, one cannot help but have considerable insight into the private and personal man. This biography would not have been nearly as successful without it. Carman V. Carroll

Halifax's Other Hill: Fort Needham from Earliest Times, by Paul A. Erickson. Occasional Papers in Anthropology, Saint Mary's University, Halifax, 1984. 48 pages, softcover, $9.95. *Halifax's North End: An Anthropologist Looks at the City,* by Paul A. Erickson. ISBN 88999-326-2. Lancelot Press, Hantsport, 1986. 128 pages, softcover, $6.95.

In Halifax, the "wrong side of the tracks" has historically been the half of the peninsula north of Quinpool Road, generally known as the "North End." Following the earliest period of Halifax's development, when successful sea captains were attracted by the view of the harbour to lands on Brunswick Street just to the north of the original town, the North End has largely housed the working men and women of the city. The belated arrival of the Industrial Revolution in Halifax in the 1870s and 1880s, and the construction of railway yards and factories on the north waterfront drove the wealthy to the south, and left the north to some farms, Rockhead Prison, and the housing of service and factory workers. It is this superficially prosaic community that has drawn two recent books from Saint Mary's anthropologist, Paul Erickson.

Prior to industrialization, when Halifax was primarily a military outpost, the North End was also the site of Fort Needham, which is discussed in more depth in Erickson's first book, *Halifax's Other Hill.* Begun in 1776, the battlements on what is now Fort Needham Hill collapsed in an 1825 wind storm (after extensive vandalism by locals), without ever firing or receiving a shot in anger. The fort, however, gave an important area of the North End its most recognizable name.

Erickson's second and longer work, *Halifax's North End,* also discusses Fort Needham, but gives more attention to the broader context of the North End's growth and development. He concisely covers the slow but steady progress of development as it crept northward from Brunswick Street to

the hillside where Fort Needham once stood. Gradually, the farms that occupied the western and northern peninsula were subdivided and urbanized, beginning with Creighton's and Maynard's fields to the west of Brunswick Street in the 1830s and 1840s. Areas to the north of those lands (north of what is now North Street) were developed with more substantial country-style homes or villas on several-acre plots before 1840, but were mostly subdivided into small regular lots in the last decades of the nineteenth century.

Fort Needham itself was developed as a working-class suburb under the name Richmond, in response to the industrialization of the late nineteenth century. As a solid if unassuming residential area, it mushroomed in the 1880s and 1890s. None of nineteenth-century Richmond remains, however, because of the calamity of the great Halifax Explosion in 1917.

That tragedy killed an estimated 2,000, injured 9,000, and left over 30,000 people with homes damaged or destroyed. Richmond had to be totally reconstructed over the next 40 years, to the design of city planner Thomas Adam, and under the auspices of the Halifax Relief Commission. The result is a noteworthy achievement of early Canadian city planning: the new Fort Needham area, characterized by well-spaced and laid-out streets, attractive parks, and a distinct and appealing architectural style developed by the Montreal firm of Ross and McDonald.

The years of reconstruction were accompanied by further extension into the lands of Rockhead Prison, which overlooked the shores of Bedford Basin, and redevelopment, which has begun to renew the once prestigious neighbourhood on Brunswick Street and the community around Maynard and Creighton Streets. Sadly, redevelopment also destroyed the black community of Africville, which developed on the Basin Shore, independently of the remainder of the city. With the development of the Prison Lands over the past twenty years, vacant land on the north part of the Peninsula has been exhausted.

The shape of the North End has probably been established for some time to come. With limited opportunities to locate on the peninsula--whether south, north, or west--its stature has begun to rise. The North End is now an attractive name on the real-estate market but, more importantly, it has become recognized as a special part of Halifax in which to live and work.

Neither of Erickson's books can be described as examining its subject in depth; however, both are clear, readable accounts. Despite his anthropologist's badge, he avoids theorizing. There is considerable overlap between the two books, and readers who are not specifically interested in Fort Needham will probably find *Halifax's North End* adequate by itself, except, perhaps, for some photographs in the first book that have not been repeated in the second. Together, in any case, they provide a good basis for understanding the other half of Halifax's peninsula.

John Heseltine

Red Line, The Chronicle-Herald and Mail-Star, 1875-1954, by William DesB. March. Chebucto Agencies Ltd., Halifax, 1986. vii plus 415 pages, illustrated, hardcover, $29.95. Available from the publisher, 1650 Argyle St., Halifax, N.S., B3J 2B4.

The Red Line is, and seems to have always been, the block-lettered banner that caps the major news story in the papers of the Halifax Herald Ltd. It is a tradition.

It is now a book about how that line has been placed on the doorsteps of Nova Scotia from 1875, when the first *Morning Herald* appeared, until 1954 when the present publisher inherited the "sacred trust" of "reporting Nova Scotia to Nova Scotians exactly as it is."

One would expect a book written about what is now a family business, typeset by their paper and published at its address to be somewhat biographical and overly complimentary to its owners. To the credit of Bill March and the Herald, this company history goes far beyond praising the family.

Through extensive research that is heavily attributed, Bill March has been able to create a fascinating story that in many ways is as much a political history as it is the biography of a newspaper. Likewise, he has also brought to life the non-Dennis players in the evolution of the *Halifax Herald*, including editors such as J.J. Stewart and W.R. McCurdy, and future politicians such as C.H. Cahan.

Newspapers of the age of the *Herald* were founded for political reasons. The *Herald* was for Conservatives, for Confederation and for Protection. Its rival, the *Chronicle*, was for the Grits, Free Trade and against Confederation. This political nature of the publications has made the *Red Line* into the book it is. Author March was able to mine the papers of Sir John Thomp-

son, Arthur Meighen, R.B. Bennett, Laurier and William L. MacKenzie King for letters written by the Dennises and others about the political situation in Nova Scotia and the influence of the press.

The essential story of the *Herald* is that a Tory paper flourished in what logically and electorally was a Liberal market. The paper survives because both Dennises, William and his nephew successor, W.H., had the flair to sell newspapers. William founded the *Mail* to erode the *Chronicle's* evening oligopoly, W.H. engaged in circulation-battle winning tactics that make great reading. When the Great War ended, for example, he hired two trains to carry the news in special editions from Halifax throughout the province. The quest to get exclusive pictures of a royal visit led him in another instance to hire every available plane in order to prevent the competition from getting their pictures to Halifax.

Young Dennis, especially, had an eye for promotion. However, he also had good business sense. Although his political wisdom made him a senator and confidant of Meighen, his journalistic sense told him that more newspapers were to be sold in the mining and fishing towns of Nova Scotia than in the boardrooms of Halifax. Support of the little man may have caused the competition to paint him--incredibly--as a Bolshevik, but it also gained the paper the upper hand in its circulation battles. Populism sold in Nova Scotia when Toryism would not.

Getting your first Red Line is an important event in the life of a *Herald* reporter. This *Red Line* is an important event in the publishing of the history of Nova Scotia. Newspapers, as the first Dennis told a historical society in Manitoba, record the history of today. J.J. Stewart followed the word of Dennis and accumulated what is perhaps the greatest collection of early Nova Scotian newspapers. The story of the press is vital to understanding the way in which they report our future history to us.

The faults of the book are few. More illustrations, particularly of the changing design and layout for the newspaper, would have been welcome. Likewise, since March looked at all the papers, a listing of the valuable special editions devoted to topics like the burning of Londonderry, would have been a useful appendix.

The near-decade delay between writing and publication have made the book incomplete in some respects. Given the prominence of printers in the labour movement and the emerging historical work in this area, March

writing today would probably have used some of this material. The same can be said for recent material, such as Professor Paul Rutherford's, on literacy, education and the influence of the press. However, the *Red Line* stands as one of the few recent good books on the topic of the press.

Anjali Vohra

Pride of Home: The working class housing tradition in Nova Scotia 1749-1949, by Joann Latremouille; photographs by Kathleen Flanagan; illustrations by Joan Rentoul. ISBN 0-88999-322-X. Lancelot Press, Hantsport, 1986. 96 pages, softcover, $9.95.

Pride of Home is a book that makes an important contribution to the study of architecture in Nova Scotia. The book deals specifically with working-class housing in the province, which makes it something of a pioneering effort in this field. The architecture of the large and stately homes of the well-to-do have always commanded the attention of writers and researchers. Working-class homes, however, which by definition make up the largest proportion of the older dwellings throughout Nova Scotia, have received relatively little serious consideration.

The first two chapters of the book deal with the working-class housing tradition throughout the province, and while these chapters are by no means exhaustive, nor without their flaws, they manage to be as representative as one could hope for in the space of forty pages. A third chapter deals with housing in Halifax between 1749 and 1917, while the fourth, one of the most interesting in the book, and entitled "Company Houses, Company Towns," deals with housing, mainly in the industrial areas of Cape Breton.

In the sixth and final chapter, the author offers an articulate account of how an architecture that was formerly rich in vernacular style and origin, came to be replaced after the Second World War by the box-like California-style bungalow that now dots the Nova Scotian landscape. The chapter explains how the Dominion Housing Act of 1935, and the subsequent legislation that followed it, coupled with the policies of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, set a new architectural standard, and an unfortunate one for this region.

The author's critical stance on government policy is well justified. As she indicates, it was one of many attempts by the federal government to fall into line with, and more closely imitate trends set by our larger neigh-

bour to the south. As the author states, such a policy remains as an example of bureaucratic "ignorance of the value of the diversity of our nation's culture." In Nova Scotia we are fortunate indeed to have still such a wealth of older buildings. This is not the case in all parts of this country.

I find only a few things to quibble with in this book, mainly in the early chapters. A few generalizations made about some of the early styles of houses in Nova Scotia are too broad. The "L-shaped" farmhouse which the author deals with on pages 34 and 35 is very common in the Yarmouth County area. While the author states that the ell was usually built to accommodate a "soon-to-be-married son," this is seldom the case in Yarmouth County, and more often than not, the ell was built at the same time as the main house. The hipped gable roof which is noted as a feature found on early Acadian dwellings, must be peculiar to the Arichat area. It is certainly not found on early Acadian dwellings in Digby or Yarmouth Counties. But these are small points, and do not detract in any serious way from the overall value of the study.

When this book was written the Heritage Property Inventory, which is now underway in many parts of the province, was only in its formative stages. Through the inventory, a great deal of information on working-class housing in Nova Scotia is coming to light. It would be interesting to see how this same author might incorporate some of that information into a second edition of this book.

The photographs and illustrations found throughout the book are well done, and Lancelot Press has also done a fine job on production, a welcome change from some of their clumsy past efforts. Ms. Latremouille has written an intelligent and articulate book, and is to be commended for the ground covered in a mere 96 pages. The study will serve as a launching pad for similar works, and be an inspiration to others working in this field.

Peter Crowell

Colonial Anglicanism in North America, by John Frederick Woolverton. ISBN 0-8143-1797-9. Wayne State University Press, Detroit, 1984. 331 pages, softcover, $10.95 (U.S. funds). Available from the publisher, Detroit, Mich, 48202.

John Frederick Woolverton is both an academic and a practitioner, serving as rector of Trinity Church, Portland, Maine and having been chairman of the Department of Church History at the Virginia Theological Seminary. He brings both emphases to *Colonial Anglicanism in North America*, providing not only a concise narrative of events, but also a description of the socio-ecclesial atmosphere within the colonial Church of England.

Woolverton has attempted to produce a foundation for further research into the Protestant Episcopal Church, which emerged from the colonial Church of England. To do so he has integrated his own research with that of others, drawing on, among other things, his work as editor of the *Historical Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church*. For researchers into colonial church life, and into that of Anglicanism in particular, his footnotes and bibliography are the most valuable part of the book.

Colonial Anglicanism in North America begins by focusing on the "Anti-Roman Grand Alliance." The process of laicization in Virginia and the relationship between the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and Anglican advancement is described. Woolverton details church life in each of the colonies, paying particular attention to the role of church establishments and the influence of Puritanism. Three chapters examine the ideological and cultural influences on Anglicanism, ranging from Samuel Johnson's impact to the effect of the Great Awakening, including discussion of education and politics. The book concludes with a description of the transformations that took place due to the American Revolution and the creation of an American Episcopate.

The title of the book is misleading, for colonial Anglicanism continued outside the United States of America into the nineteenth century. Woolverton, or at least an editor who assigned the title, appears to make the assumption that American (i.e. United States) history is North American history. No mention is made of Newfoundland; little of Nova Scotia, beyond reference to the Loyalists; and the Anglican mission to the French is omitted.

Within colonial Anglicanism an important component was that of the Methodists, who did not become a separate denomination until 1784, yet reference to them is only incidental. Woolverton's preoccupation with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and with Virginian Anglicans in particular, could lead the uninformed to assume that the Protestant Episcopal Church represents the continuity with colonial Anglicanism. Colonial Anglicanism divided into three major streams: Methodism, the laicized Protestant Episcopal Church, and supporters of an international Anglicanism in association with the British Empire. A comprehensive history of colonial Anglicanism in North America, for which Woolverton's book will be the foundation, will have to detail the diversities and similarities among the descendants from colonial Anglicanism.

Colonial Anglicanism in North America achieves a rare combination, for it is both readable by the lay person and an encyclopedia of information for the academic. Achieving the balance meant that style suffered on a few rare occasions, but it has made Woolverton's book the first point of reference for the study of colonial Anglicanism and the resource for judging previous scholarly contributions. Philip G.A. Griffin-Allwood

Department of Tourism and Culture

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